

A GRAND HOLIDAY NUMBER NEXT WEEK! {Two New Serials Commenced, and a Chromo Supplement, without Extra Charge.

# NEW YORK Saturday Journal A HOME WEEKLY

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1876, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. VII.

F. F. Beadle,  
William Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 23, 1876.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

One copy, four months, \$1.00.  
One copy, one year, \$2.00.  
Two copies, one year, \$4.00.

No 354

## A TALE OF THE OLDEN DAYS.

BY MARO O. BOLPE.

'Tis a song of the days that are gone—  
Of the deeds of a knight of old,  
With a sword as bright as the stars,  
And hair as rich gleaming as gold.  
He was known as the Knight of La Ronne,  
And he loved a fair maid of old,  
With blue eyes as bright as the stars,  
And hair as rich gleaming as gold,  
Who was known as the Lady De Nonne.

But there was a bold Knight of the Plain,  
Who loved the fair Lady De Nonne,  
With a love not tender and true  
As that of the knight of La Ronne;  
But he'd wed him again in La Ronne,  
He'd wed the fair Lady De Nonne,  
Whose love was so tender and true  
For the valiant Knight of La Ronne,  
Though his hands in his gore he must stain!

They chanced to meet one day in the wood  
When the heart of each knight was bold,  
And two swords as bright as the stars  
Rang out on the voices of gold.  
In the shade of a dark coppery wood stood  
A maiden with heart growing cold,  
With blue eyes as bright as the stars  
And hair as rich gleaming as gold,  
Who was watching the fight in the wood.

The arm of the bold Knight of the Plain  
Was stouter than that of his foe,  
And he beat down his trusty sword,  
And the knight of La Ronne, quick laid him low,  
Then dismounted to wound the knight.  
Then came the fair Lady De Nonne  
And threw herself under the blade,  
All red with the blood of La Ronne;  
It fell—and the true maiden was slain!

## SURE SHOT SETH, The Boy Rifleman:

OR,  
THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES,  
AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DA-  
KOTA DAN," "OLD DAN BACKBACk," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE HUT.

FOR fully a minute a speechless silence reigned in the Hermit Hut, the savages eying the boys, and the latter exchanging glances with one and another. Had the red-skins entered the door as had been their wont in days past, the boys would not have mistrusted them of murderous designs. But their war-paint, and every feature of the face, and the black ferreys, bespoke the evil, murderous purpose in their hearts.

Sure Shot Seth was the first to speak.

"Why do our red friends not come in at the door as they used to?" he asked, calmly.

"Why do the pale-face boys stand a guard near the door?" was the savage spokesman's reply; "they didn't use to do this."

Seth was puzzled for an answer to this savage retort. The fact of their having placed one of their number on guard outside was evidence of their fears of danger, for not once in the two years past had they ever been compelled to take this precaution.

"We placed a guard near the door," Seth finally answered, "because we have heard that the Indians and whites have dug up the hatchet and were going to war with each other."

"And are not the trapper-boys of the Hermit Hut the friends of the whites?" asked the savage, with a sardonic smile.

"We are the friends of all—both red and white. The red-skins have broken bread with us often as the whites since we came to the Hermit Hut. If there is trouble between the Sioux and the whites, we can be neutral."

"The white boy's tongue is crooked. He knows he will fight the Sioux. When he came into the cabin, we were on the top of his wig-wam and heard him talk."

In an instant all flashed through the boy's mind. During their absence the Indians had climbed to the roof of the cabin, and were there concealed when they came in. They saw there was no compromising with them—that a conflict was inevitable.

The Brigade had deposited all their rifles in one corner, and edging around by degrees, the savages managed to get themselves between the boys and the guns, believing that they were in possession of no other weapons. But in this the red-skins were mistaken. Each of the boys was possessed of a small revolver, and which, at close quarter, would be the most desirable weapon. The youths felt no fears of the number that confronted them; but that others might be waiting outside to join them in case of a collision.

The savages were armed with the deadliest weapons—the tomahawk and scalping-knife. But none of them were drawn, and a movement of a hand to the belt would be a signal for the boys to precipitate the conflict.

Each boy was actuated as if by a single impulse. The threatened danger forced measures in common upon each mind; and having exchanged glances with their leader, all stood ready to fire the first shot ever fired in anger, or with deadly intent upon a human being.

It was a momentous hour in the lives of the young Brigade—started from the sweet, rapturous enjoyment of music into the presence of death. Yet they faced the savages—great, powerful, athletic fellows that they were—with a cool, calm determination that in a measure availed the sanguine audacity of the Sioux.

For half a minute a lull—such as precedes the violence of the storm—fell upon the two



"I'm in at roll-call, too. Sound the reveille, beat the drum, and rat-tat-too, for day has broke."

lines of enemies, though each form seemed to tremble with the emotions that were pent up within it.

Seth had, adroitly, yet without any apparent motion whatever, transferred his hands to his breeches pockets, in the right of which he always carried his revolvers, it being more convenient.

His friends saw this movement, and comprehended its meaning at once, though it never entered the Indians' brains that his movement was other than a manifestation of peace; and as the youth's companions assumed positions and attitudes that brought their right hands in juxtaposition with their revolvers, a savage spoke:

"We will not kill the boy trappers if they will go quietly as prisoners to the village of Little Crow."

"We haven't the least assurance of this," answered Seth, "for we have found the Sioux to be treacherous as the moccasin snake."

"For these words shall the pale-face boy die," replied the chief, unloosing his tomahawk. But, before he could release the weapon, the hand of the young trapper-boy was withdrawn from his pocket and extended toward the savage's face. There was a flash and report simultaneously, and the warrior, with a deep groan of horrible pain, started back; his face contorted with agony and his muscles quivering, he fell like an ox upon the floor. A round hole in his forehead bearing the black powder-marks around its edges told where the unerring bullet had struck.

This was a signal for a general attack and the clash of five other revolvers rang out sharp and stunning on the night. Every savage went down before the deadly weapons, and victory seemed but the labor of an instant for our

friends; but in the moment of their bloodless triumph, a fiendish yell outside the door burst from the lips of a score of red-skins; the door was flung open, and the yelling demons rushed into the cabin like a tornado.

Turning on his heel, as the door burst from its hinges, Sure Shot Seth fired at the candle, snuffing out the light as completely as though done by a gust of wind!

Then the revolvers of the boy-trappers were turned toward the door, and a constant stream of fire flashed in the faces of the savages. The groans of the dying wretches were mingled with the crack of the revolvers, the sudden fall of heavy bodies, and the tumbling of the excited savages over their fallen comrades as they rushed into the darkened room.

The boy-trappers gradually edged around toward the door leading into the opposite room; and as each one emptied the last chamber of his revolver, he passed out into the adjacent apartment. Not a word escaped the lips of our young friends, and one by one their revolvers became silenced; but whether it was by death or by being emptied, each could tell nothing regarding his comrade.

The danger was not all on the side of the savages, for the moment the light was put out, they began throwing their tomahawks, clubs and knives in every direction; and their clash and thud fell thick as hail against the walls. But the confusion was so great and deafening that the savages could tell nothing of the result of their attack.

Finally the tumult became hushed; a light was obtained by the savages; and then it was that they beheld the terrible loss they had already sustained. Maddened by the sight of their dead braves, they sought the fox in the adjoining room, but the scene of battle had

been transferred to the open air. In front of the cabin the boy-trappers met a number of savages as they passed out, and here another conflict ensued.

"Boys," cried Sure Shot Seth, "make for the woods!—every fellow for himself!"

A moment later there seemed to be a perceptible pause in the struggle as the sound of the conflict spread out in all directions, and yells of savage vengeance rung through the forest. By these sounds, Sure Shot Seth knew that his men had obeyed orders, and that all the survivors were seeking safety by flight to the woods. But how many had fallen? This was the question that now rose in the young trapper's mind as he pursued his lonely way through the dark and gloomy wilderness. When assured that he had eluded his pursuers, Seth stopped and sat down upon a log.

All noise of the late conflict was left behind, and unbroken silence pervaded the night, and gradually animated nature began her myriad of sounds, and soon the great lungs of the sleeping world were sending forth their pulsing, throbbing respirations.

Sure Shot Seth grew easier now. He knew by the sounds that came to his ear that no danger was lurking near. The acute ear of the experienced woodman can read the voices of nature as though spoken in an intelligible dialect. Through force of habit he becomes accustomed to his surroundings, and intuitively learns by instinct the language of both animal and inanimate nature, for inanimate nature has a language, and one that never deceives.

The chirp of a cricket, the hum of insect wings, the piping of a tree-frog, and the patter of the velvet feet of night-prowling beasts, all mingle and produce a weird, monotonous drone that instinctively inspires one with a feeling of soli-

tude; and this feeling assures him that no enemies, or friends, for that matter, are moving about. On the contrary, if all is silent and drear, it is a warning that danger lurks near—that, conscious of the murderous intent of the skulker, nature hushes her song.

It was the assurance that no danger lurked near that gave Seth relief; and when satisfied that he could do so with impunity, he gave utterance to the sharp bark of the fox.

Instantly he was answered in a similar manner from among the hills.

"Reynard, the Fox, lives," the young leader said; then he uttered the cry of the beaver, and was answered.

Then changing his position, he gave utterance to the scream of a panther, the howl of a wolf, the hoot of an owl, and the cry of a whippooril. Ali answered but one.

"As I live!" soliloquized Seth, "the boys all answered but the Indian, Le Subtile Wolf. Can it be that he has been slain?"

Hoosah was a brave and fearless youth, with but little of the savage in his nature. He was a Chippewa by birth, and had spent all his days among the whites, coming from northern Michigan when quite a lad; so there was no danger to apprehend of his want of fidelity to the whites. Seth was satisfied that he had either been killed or else had not heard his call. He did not repeat it through fear of confusion, or of increasing their danger.

Moving further back into the woods, Seth finally sat down in a dense thicket of shrubbery, leaned against a tree and went to sleep. This was not a very commendable act for a borderman, but Seth knew that no danger could befall him there in such a lonely and desolate spot. Moreover, he was almost exhausted with his night's adventure, and nothing but sleep could restore the much-needed strength, and drive away the dizzy whirl of the brain.

It was just growing light when he awoke. He could see the dusky outline of the tree-trunks around him, and leaning against one of these, motionless as the tree itself, he saw the outlines of an Indian warrior!

## CHAPTER VI.

A QUEER OLD CUSTOMER.

SETH started to his feet, half bewildered and half terrified at sight of the savage standing over him.

To his surprise, however, he saw that the Indian did not move, and a second thought and second glance removed a terrible weight from the youth's mind; for he now recognized the red-skin as his friend, Hoosah, or Le Subtile Wolf. The Indian lad was standing there asleep. It was the way a Chippewa slept on the war-path.

Seth glanced around him, and on the opposite side of the same tree against which he had rested he saw the form of Justin Gray, the Beaver, curled up in a sound slumber; and under another tree not far away he saw the form of Black Pan, the African, stretched at full length along the ground.

Seth gave utterance to the shrill cry of a bird, then in a clear voice called out:

"Le Subtile Wolf!"

"Ugh! me here," muttered the lad, starting from his slumber.

"Justin Gray?"

"Here."

"Tim Tricks?"

"Here I is, ole boss."

"Baldwin Judd?"

"Here," came from in the bushes.

"Teddy O'Roop?"

"Here, bedad."

"Mort Schultz?"

"I here ish."

And as each one answered to his name, he emerged from among the shadows and stood before his young leader, Sure Shot Seth.

"Thank God, we are all permitted to meet again," said Seth.

This was the point designated as a rendezvous before leaving the cabin when the savages were pouring in upon them; hence the remarkable manner under which they all met.

Two of the boys bore severe wounds, but these had been bandaged, and in the joy experienced over their escape they felt no pain.

The marks of a restless night, and of excitement, were upon each face; yet no look, word or movement betrayed the least sign of fear. Nobly had the youths fought their way through a terrible danger, and now as they stood congratulating each other on their miraculous escape—while the red dawn of the rosy morn was bursting into light around them, a shrill, sharp voice suddenly cried out:

"Here!"

The boys started as though a torpedo had exploded in their midst. They glanced around them, then at one another, a look of wild astonishment upon each face.

"Here!" again shouted the unknown voice, and the sound was followed by an outburst of rollicking laughter.

It came from overhead, and raising their eyes, the young bordermen saw that which forced an involuntary exclamation from their lips. Attached to a limb of the wide-spreading oak was a sort of a rude hammock made of a blanket, and over the end of this the quaint, comical face of an old man looked down upon them.

He was about twenty or thirty feet above them, and his hammock was attached to a

limb that grew straight out from the body of the tree, yet slender enough to give it a gentle, swaying motion.

This old stranger was a man of nearly three-score years; yet the bright luster of his mischievous gray eyes, and the smile upon his thin, bearded face, told of a youthful, buoyant spirit. His nose was of a strong Roman type—a type indicative of indomitable courage. Considerable severity was betrayed in the thin lips, yet the general features of the man were the embodiment of humor, eccentricity and drollery.

"I'm in at roll-call, too," he exclaimed, in a whimsical tone; "sound the reveille, beat the drum, and rat-tat-too, for day has broke; the birds are astir, and the devil's to pay."

"Will, now!" exclaimed Teddy O'Roop, "and what for a baste have we got there now?"

"Hello, boggy-tongue," answered the man, with a comical smile, as he turned over on his stomach in his hammock and gazed complacently down upon the Brigade, while he kicked up his heels like a listless schoolboy lying in the shade. "I should think you could see that I'm not a 'possum up here; nor that I'm not an oriole in a hangin' nest, but a full-fledged rooster of the *gauus* man who roosts high and dry."

"We observe that you are rather elevated in your ideas of repose," said Seth.

"Elevated, did ye say?" replied the man; "Jews and Gentiles! that's no name for it. It's perfectly delicious up here. You see, I've slept around on the earth with bugs, and snakes, and turtles, and bears, and wolves, and Indians, and snails, and alligators, crawling over and snuffin' round me long enough; and so I come to the conclusion that I'd hang myself up in a tree after'd; and I find it's delicious swaying in the breeze while the beasts of the field roar beneath, and the birds of the air sail above me. I'm old Joyful Jim Tucker, a brother of the veritable Daniel who had a Darby lamb; and so I'll just come from my chamber in the air, and quiz you chaps a bit."

The man stepped out upon a limb, unfastened his hammock, took a rifle and its accoutrements from among the thick foliage above his head, and then descended to the ground. He shook hands with the boys all around, then said:

"Suppose you chaps are on the war-path?"

"Can't say that we are, exactly, though we had quite a fight last night with savages at our cabin; and were routed, though we lost no men."

"You don't mean to say that you compose Sure Shot Seth's Boy Brigade, that's been runnin' at the Hermit Hut?" exclaimed Joyful Jim.

"We're the Boy Brigade," answered Seth.

"Judas and Benedict Arnold! Why, boys I war just on my way to your ranch."

"From where?"

"Minnesota in general; you see I've been doin' a little tradin' up here 'mong the Incins for the past few years. I've been tradin' 'em beads, pocket-knives and 'doctored water,' for peltries; but as they're dug up the hatchet, I concluded to make myself seldom in their midst, and so pointed nose for the Hermit Hut. And so they've routed you hoss and foot!"

"They came upon us ten to one."

"They did? Wal, then, that's no denavin' blood and war are upon us; and as I purpose to have a hand in it. If the critters hadn't confiscated all my stock, I'd been easier onto 'em; but now I purpose to let 'em know that I wasn't edicated in the city. I'll just sail right into 'em, boot and toe-nail, and I'll bet the fust Ingin' I'll tackle 'em somethin' gurgly."

"Faith, and wouldn't somethin' garge if yeas should tackle a jug av poteen, Joyful Jimmie, eh now?" said Seth.

"Irishman, do you take me for a drunkard? Do you s'pose if I had a gallon of 'oh-be-joyful' that I wouldn't let you have half of it? What do you take me for, anyhow?"

"Yow-oo-o!" suddenly rung in a low quavering echo through the woods.

Every boy started as if shot.

"It is Le Subtile Wolf," said Seth, who, for the first time, noticed the absence of the Indian from their midst; "it means danger."

"Then s'pose we obsure ourselves," suggested the trader, and the party at once concealed themselves, Joyful Jim selecting a thicket some distance from the boys. They had scarcely done so ere a savage in war-paint came stealing slyly as a panther through the woods, his eyes and ears on the alert, and his body bent slightly forward as if to give intensity to the pre-caution he was observing.

Joyful Jim, who was not concealed from the Brigade entirely, turned and glanced toward the boys with a comic grimace and a wink, and shook his head as if ready to burst with suppressed laughter.

"Och, and the owl bla'gard'll not keep still," said Seth, in a whisper.

"No danger of his betraying us," returned Seth; "I think he can be trusted."

The red-skin advanced slowly, cautiously. He was pursuing a course that, if continued, would take him within two paces of the trader, and our young friends experienced no little uneasiness for the old man's safety. They could see the trader as he stood erect before the shrubbery, his hands outstretched before him as if to part the bushes.

The savage stole on, and when opposite the trader he was startled with all the sudden affright and ferocity of a surprised tiger. He turned his head and saw the bushes part before him, and the face of the fearless old Joyful Jim appear in the opening.

"Howdy—mornin' to ye, red-skin!" exclaimed the trader, with a desperate grin.

The savage started back with a grunt, while a look of demoniac ferocity mounted his painted face. His hand sought the knife at his girdle, but before he could use it, the bony fist of the trader shot through the shrubbery, and striking the warrior in the face, felled him to the earth. Then with a shout, the old man sprang from his cover upon the savage and engaged him in a hand-to-hand struggle. The battle waxed warm and desperate, but in the hottest of the contest the red-skin gave a wild yell, that was immediately answered by a dozen friends, not far distant; and the next moment eight or ten warriors came darting through the woods toward the scene of battle.

"Let them have it, boys!" exclaimed Seth; "we're in for another fight."

Scarcely had he spoken ere the rifles of the Boy Brigade rung out on the clear morning air, and half of the advancing savages fell dead.

## CHAPTER VII.

### GIVING THE RED-SKINS "FITS."

The instant the Boy Brigade fired, those of the red-skins that did not fall dodged behind the nearest trees and at once opened a sort of a random fire. The boys, however, had also availed themselves of the cover of trees, and, while they could render Joyful Jim no assistance in his struggle, they resolved that no assistance should come to his antagonist. There was little danger of old Jim receiving a shot

from the savages under cover, for the rapid evolutions of the two made it dangerous, to friend as well as foe, to fire upon them. The only hopes of each party lay in keeping the other at bay until the contest should be settled between the two combatants themselves.

Sure Shot Seth was without a gun, but with a pistol in hand, kept an eye on the enemy, the nearest of whom were not eighty yards away.

Joyful Jim and his antagonist seemed to have taken each other at a disadvantage, and so labored in the conflict. In rapid evolutions they whirled in each other's embrace. The hold of each was exactly the same. The old trader's right arm pinioned the savage's left, and the savage's right pinioned the old man's left. Jim, however, finally succeeded in getting hold of the red-skin's long scalp-lock, which hung down his back; and by pulling severely upon this appendage, drew the savage's head back in such a manner as to render him almost helpless. The savage uttered a hoarse, rattling cry when he saw that his foe was gaining upon him, and his cry reaching the ears of his friends, created a lively stir among them. By every device known to their cunning brains they tried to draw the Brigade from its covert. But they had met their match, and failed in every attempt.

Meanwhile, firing was heard in the woods some distance to the south, and that Hoosoe, the young Chippewa, was in trouble, the Brigade had not a doubt; but none of them dare attempt to leave, for every tree that concealed one of them was marked by a savage eye and covered by a savage rifle.

Finally, however, the Indians saw that their friend was getting the worst of the conflict, and that something must be done. With a yell that might have intimidated less brave hearts than those of the Boy Brigade, the Sioux dashed from their covert and darted toward the combatants, reeling as they ran, to avert the bullets of the enemy.

But the Boy Brigade was ready for any emergency, and having discharged their rifles, bounded from their concealment and met the foe by the two struggling combatants, over whom a desperate conflict ensued.

The Boy Brigade now had an opportunity to call into practical use their skillful, athletic training; and right lively did they exert themselves—leaping, whirling and darting through the air so rapidly and swiftly that the eye could scarcely follow their movements.

Teddy O'Roop, as he came up near the red-skins, turned a complete hand-spring and shot himself forward with such force that his feet, coming in contact with a savage's stomach, sent him breathless to the earth.

Baldwin Judd, or Reynard, the Fox, leaped into the air over a savage's head and planted his feet in the red-skin's face with great violence, while Tim Tricks, the darkey, dropped his bullet-head, shot forward as if ejected from a catapult, and drove it into the stomach of a red-skin, doubling him up on the earth.

Taken thus, the red-skins were unprepared to meet the flying enemy, as it were. They were completely confused and astounded by the flying, whirling, darting, tumbling forms around them. Heels, heads, fists and forms shot hither and thither in dizzy confusion; and the red-skins were aware of the fact, the Boy Brigade was master of the situation. Two of the savages had been slain, and the rest knocked breathless to the earth and secured before they could offer resistance.

By this time Joyful Jim had ended the conflict between himself and the savage, and had come out victor without even a wound of any consequence.

The firing heard a few minutes previous had ceased, and the shout of victory that rung from Old Jim's lips was answered by another from the lips of Hoosoe, the Indian lad, who, at this juncture, came bounding into the midst of his friends, followed by a strange lad and brandishing above his head a Sioux scalp.

"Great shockin'!" exclaimed Old Jim, "here's this bloody Turk with a red-skin scalp. Who says you can civilize or tame an Ingin?"

"Nothing, George?" cried Clarina, her tone and attitude changing as by magic, from hard and defiant to soft and reproachful. "Do you call it nothing? You teach me to love you better than all the world beside, better than my very soul; then you turn aside with a care-less laugh, tossing my heart from you as you might a crushed and faded flower, saying—go, I have done with you! And this you call nothing? Oh, George! say that you do not mean it—say that you have only been trying your power over me. You cannot mean it. I love you—Merciful Mother! how I love you! I would die if I thought you hated me! Say that you were only trying me—that you still love me, if only a little!"

Sinking at his feet, she clasped his knees, looking beseeching into his face as she pleaded; but the cold, hard look did not soften, nor the black frown fade from his face.

"Say that you lied about her—that she is yet alive and well, for all that you have done," he uttered, sternly.

Ed Thornly laughed with insolent triumph. "That is all I want to know. I was pretty sure that you were trying to deceive me, from the first; but so many queer things have happened during the last few days that I didn't know but this was another one of them. There you'd better get up. I know how such acting tires one, from sad experience."

"Acting!" cried Clarina, springing to her feet.

"So I said. I thought that would be the proper way to put it, to spare your modesty. Come, Clarina, this is growing tiresome. Surely I have spoken plain enough for even you to understand. The past is dead, so far as folly to keep raking over the cold ashes. I tell you once for all that there is not a single spark of life left alive!"

He never finished the sentence. With a sharp, agonized cry, the Spanish woman sprang toward him, striking madly at his heart with her dagger. Quick as were his motions, Big George could not stay her hand until the keen point of the weapon penetrated his clothes and pierced his skin. The stinging pain enraged him, and for the moment he forgot that he was dealing with a woman. Uttering a furious curse, he struck her with his clenched fist. Luckily the force with which he wrested the poniard from her grasp, caused Clarina to reel, and thus avoided the full force of the blow, which would otherwise have maimed if not slain her outright. As it was, she was hurled across the room, falling heavily in the corner.

Then, without a second glance at his victim, Big George strode out of the room and rejoined his two brothers. Paying no heed to their questions he seized one of the decanters, and raising it to his lips, drank long and deeply of the fiery liquor.

Scarcely had he disappeared when Clarina arose to her feet. Her face was very pale, and all passion seemed to have vanished, save from her eyes. They burned with a vivid fire painful to witness.

Arranging her disordered garments, Clarina turned up the dagger from the floor where Big George had flung it, then opened a drawer in the bureau from which she took a quantity of gold-dust and some jewels. These she secured upon her person. Then, after one slow glance around her, as though bidding a long farewell to the home which had sheltered her for so long, she opened the door and passed out into the night. Once she paused. Through the open door of the rude brush-walled hut, she could see the forms of the three brothers, gathered around the table. One moment her gaze

## A MOTHER'S MEMORIES.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

When within my chamber lonely,  
How my thoughts doth backward roam,  
O'er the years that swiftly vanished,  
Since I was a child at home.

In the silence, sadly brooding,  
O'er the sorrow-freighted years,  
How I sigh for Lethe's dark waters,  
And forgetfulness of tears!

Yet the wish is scarce bold uttered,  
Ere my memory doth recall  
Some white stars out of life's darkness,  
Like fair ilies on Death's pall.

First, a mother's fond caresses,  
Rained upon a childish face;  
And a father's love so often given,  
That the heart can no efface.

Some kind words by true friends uttered,  
That through years are treasured up,  
That dilute the gall and wormwood,  
When I drink of sorrow's cup.

Yet a brighter star is shining,  
Fairer, dearer, than the rest,  
That came like a glimpse of Heaven,  
And made Earth a region blest.

But the gem was only given,  
That, though weary, I may know  
That a treasure waits in Heaven—  
Waits to heal a mother's woe.

Think ye, if I could forget them—  
Parents' love, and friends' dear,  
Or the clasp of baby fingers,  
Were each day a weary year?

No! I shun Lethe's fabled waters,  
While my memory backward flies,  
For those stars will safely guide me  
To my rest beyond the skies!

## BIG GEORGE.

### The Giant of the Gulch.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE VOLCANO, THE BOY MI

MBER," "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC

PETE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A BEAUTIFUL FURY.

TERRIBLY beautiful was Clarina as she drew her queenly form erect, her countenance glowing, her eyes blazing with an angry triumph; but it was with the beauty of a fallen angel. Even in that moment Big George felt a glow of admiration thrill through his being, a sensation something akin to the old passionate ardor of days gone by. But it lasted only for an instant. Then the memory of a fair, pure face returned with redoubled force as he caught the full meaning of her exultant speech.

"You will never again breathe your love-words in your ears. She is dead! And I killed her!" repeated the beautiful fury, in a clear, ringing tone.

"You—but it is a lie—a shallow lie on its face!" cried Big George, suffering his uplifted hand to sink to his side. "She is safe in Red's hands, and I'll take good care that you never have the chance to trouble her. From this hour our paths run separate. You can stay here or go—just as you prefer; but whichever you elect, I and mine will take the other course. I have more than fulfilled my bargain with you so far. There is nothing you can blame me with."

"Nothing, George?" cried Clarina, her tone and attitude changing as by magic, from hard and defiant to soft and reproachful. "Do you call it nothing? You teach me to love you better than all the world beside, better than my very soul; then you turn aside with a care-less laugh, tossing my heart from you as you might a crushed and faded flower, saying—go, I have done with you! And this you call nothing? Oh, George! say that you do not mean it—say that you have only been trying your power over me. You cannot mean it. I love you—Merciful Mother! how I love you! I would die if I thought you hated me! Say that you were only trying me—that you still love me, if only a little!"

Clarina uttered, closing the d or behind her. She thrust the torch into a crevice in the wall, then stood over the captive, touching her with the tip of one foot, saying in a sharp tone:

"Look up! I am anxious to see what there is in your face to drive men mad and cause them to forget their most solemn vows—look up, I say!"

Clarina obeyed, and a low, glad cry broke from her lips as she saw that a woman stood before her.

"You are a woman—you have come to save me! Oh, let me go from here—help me to escape, and I will blow and pray for you! He was calling for me, and they would not let me go for the love of God! take me to him!"

Clarina uttered, closing the d or behind her. She thrust the torch into a crevice in the wall, then stood over the captive, touching her with the tip of one foot, saying in a sharp tone:

"Look up! I am anxious to see what there is in your face to drive men mad and cause them to forget their most solemn vows—look up, I say!"

Clarina obeyed, and a low, glad cry broke from her lips as she saw that a woman stood before her.

"It will be a bitter blow for him—I swear it by the Eternal!" hissed Pepper-pot, his face white with deadly passion.

"He is my enemy. Look!" touching a livid wound on her forehead with one finger.

"That is his mark!"

"He dared to strike you—you cannot mean that!"

"Yes, he struck me. It may have been my fault. I do not know. I can't remember all that passed between us. I was crazy, I believe. He spoke so cruelly! It seemed as though my heart would burst! He taunted me with his love for her, and said that it was my turn to suffer as I had made him suffer in days gone by. I humbled myself in the dust at his feet, I said all that woman could—only to be repulsed with





NEW YORK, DECEMBER 28, 1876.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canada Dominion. Parties may obtain it from a newsdealer or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS. Postage Prepaid:

One copy, four months	\$1.00
" " one year	3.00
Two copies, one year	5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give the address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at the expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any date number.

TAKE NOTICE.—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never inclose the currency, except in a stamped letter. A Post Office box is the best form of remittance. Losses by mail will be most surely avoided if these directions are followed.

Communications, subscriptions, and letters on business should be addressed to BEADLE & ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Grace Mortimer's Great Love Story!

TO COMMENCE NEXT WEEK!

Readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will see by announcements herewith made what is the "novelty" we have prepared for them in connection with the splendid story,

## THE RED CROSS:

OR,

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland.

A STORY OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

Two such treats—an excellent Oleograph Chromo of twelve colors and a serial of unrivaled brilliancy, power and story-interest—are indeed a novelty in popular journalism. Of course this combination of attractions will secure for the coming number an immense demand, and we may well promise that all who see the charming chromo, and read the opening chapters of this superb

ROMANCE OF THREE CONTINENTS,

will pronounce a flattering verdict on the SATURDAY JOURNAL's Holiday Offering to Old Readers and New.

AN ATTRACTIVE VAGABOND!

Is introduced next week to the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL:

ODD, KEEN, BRAVE, INIMITABLE

Picayune Pete, the Street Gamin!

Whose adventures and achievements make him a hero in rags and an actor in a very strange story, viz.:

NOBODY'S BOY:

OR,

THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Low-life character, but not of a "low" type—the picture of a bright boy, rough and untutored, yet, even in his unrefinement, a lovable vagabond.

Who stole sweet Minnie Ellis? That is what the story reveals—a tale of thrilling interest, exquisite feeling and intense excitement throughout, in which Pete and his dog Nicodemus play a part that they just seem to have been created to fill. It is, all in all, so

CAPTIVATING, DELIGHTING AND UNIQUE! that readers will give us a vote of thanks for an introduction to the Street Knight-errant.

First Come First Served! Every purchaser of No. 355 of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will be GIVEN the beautiful Chromo,



"Look at me, Mamma!"

One of the most charming and desirable pictures that ever was offered for the walls of Home, Library, Chamber or Shop.

AN EXQUISITE GIFT,

It is bestowed upon the purchasers of the First Edition only; so be on the lookout for it, next week, and try not to be among those who come just a day too late! If you happen to be among those who fail to be served, read the notice "Bear in Mind."

**Special Notice to our Regular Readers!**—Our regular readers are requested to leave their names with their newsdealer, at once, that they may be served with No. 355 and the accompanying Chromo, to which each purchaser of that number will be entitled. As the demand for it will be immense, and the newsdealer will be compelled to serve all who apply, it is quite possible that, in many cases, his supply will become exhausted, and thus some regular patrons of the paper may fail to obtain the beautiful gift which we especially wish him or her to have. So, to avoid the possibility of a disappointment, leave your name and order, at once, with the newsdealer for the next issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL—the great Holiday Number!

## Sunshine Papers.

## Does it Pay?

EVERYTHING had gone wrong that morning, and it was with a real sigh of relief that I stepped up my friend's brown stone steps and impatiently pulled at her door-bell. Here, at least, I should forget the little vexations that were fretting me; and my soul would be raised to a higher plane of thought than I wanted to possess, and that haunted me impudently with visions alike of its beauty and its monetary value, and kept me in a harassing state of mental conflict between extravagant desires and conscientious scruples.

Gail, herself, came to the door, all hatted and gloved and cloaked.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" she said. And that made me happy, for Gail only says such things when she means them. Gail is a remarkable woman, you will perceive.

Mother Eve suggested my answering remark.

"Where have you been?"

"I haven't been yet; I'm just going down town to buy a lounge—one of those broad, delicious, Turkish lounges—and you must go and help me pick it out!"

We went, regaling our souls on the way with such high and lofty themes as Baroness Tautphous' novels, Marian Harland's Cook-Book, democratic processions, who was president elect, and Helen's babies. As we passed a well-known furniture warehouse I interrupted Gail in the midst of a fine peroration on politics, to ask:

"Aren't you going to stop at Holland's?"

"No," said that little woman, exhibiting more viciousness than even the discussion of politics had caused her to display. "They're a very disagreeable, obnoxious firm. We have bought several hundred dollars' worth of furniture from them, within a few months, and, though we are very well pleased with our purchases, they have shown themselves so excessively churlish, that I have fully made up my mind not to deal with them again, as long as I can find just as good articles elsewhere."

We went to an art-gallery, where we spent a delightful half hour examining pictures. Then we walked on in search of a furniture store.

"I think I'll go in here," said Gail.

I looked up at the name.

"It is an exceedingly high-priced place," remarked I, suggesting, not knowing the relative condition between the state of Gail's finances and the "hard times." "Why don't you go into Baily's? It is only a couple of doors below."

"I know," said Gail, looking rather meditative; "but I'll just look here; though if the prices are very high, I won't do anything out of spite; for, to tell the truth, my objection to going to Baily's is, perhaps, a silly one. I stopped there a day or two since to look at and prize their lounges, and, when they found that I wasn't going to buy that day, they were so surly they would scarcely show me anything, or answer a question. I must acknowledge I have a *penchant* for dealing with people who have pleasant faces and agreeable manners."

A similar weakness in my own constitution caused me to smile indulgently, and we entered the store.

Gail selected the most tempting of Turkish lounges, at eighty-five dollars; then she thought of a handsome chair at home, that needed re-covering. The crimson goods for that, the dainty satin stripe, gimp and fringe, caused the withdrawal of six more dollar green-backs from Gail's pocket-book.

"You see it will make handsome Christmas gift to brother Bob, after I re-cover it so handsomely," she explained to me; then stopped with a prolonged exclamation. "Such a lovely secretary! just what I had decided to give husband for his Christmas." And after the urbane dealer had expatiated to us upon the several merits of some twenty of that particular article of furniture, Gail had her card fastened upon a forty-dollar one.

"And now," said Gail, "since I have gone into the furnishing line, I may as well order a new library table; and I'll go without my camel's hair suit two or three weeks longer, though I intended doing vice versa."

And, after another thirty dollars passed into the furniture man's hand, Gail and I started homeward, she remarking, with a great deal of satisfaction, as she deposited herself on the car seat:

"I'm so glad that I got every one of those articles as nice and as cheap as I could have done at Holland's or Baily's, without having to go to either of those old places!"—the last clause given in a rather vengeful and spiteful manner, considering that Gail is reputed an uncommonly sweet-tempered little woman.

"Eighty-five and six are ninety-one, and forty is a hundred and thirty-one, and thirty is a hundred and sixty-one," said I, doing a mental sum in addition. "A hundred-and-sixty-one-dollar-sale lost to one firm, for the lack of trifling courtesy. Does it pay?"

"Does what pay?" asked Gail, in surprise, for my mental philosophizing had, quite unconsciously to myself, terminated in vocal expression.

"I was wondering if it ever paid to neglect an opportunity of doing or saying something polite."

"I don't believe it does," said Gail, quite innocently. "Only yesterday morning I got in a car, to ride down-town, and found I had left my pocket-book home; and when I asked the conductor to stop, he said, 'Oh! never mind, ma'm; you can pay me the next time you ride on my car,' and, as he returned to the platform, I heard him tell a man, 'I wouldn't put her to trouble, nohow, for she's a real lady, one of the kind that always says, 'Will you please,' and 'Thank you!'"

But perhaps Gail and I are prejudiced. I leave it to you. Does uniform courtesy and politeness pay? A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## IMPORTANT PEOPLE.

There are some individuals traveling over this globe who appear to have an idea that the world was created for their especial benefit, and that all other folks by whom they are surrounded, are only tolerated because they—the tolerated ones—were merely created to minister to their—the important personages'—comforts and conveniences.

These important personages will enter upon a new trade, or profession, and will earnestly strive to make you believe that they know more concerning said trade or profession than those who have had a life-long experience at them. Their egotism, in such cases, is often disgusting, and you can not help setting them down as brutes of the first degree. They give uncalled-for advice; they will tell a gifted artist how he should paint—a star actor how he should perform—a writer how his romances should be penned, and an editor how his periodical should be conducted: and

yet they couldn't do one of these things themselves. If they endeavor to do so, what is the result but dire and discreditable failure!

These important personages are always positive that they are in the right, and, because they consider themselves so to be, of course, every one else must be in error, and they often have the impudence, impertinence and bad manners to flatly contradict you on matters which others than yourselves know to be right. When convinced of their error—they consider themselves of too much consequence to apologize, conceiving it to be "beneath their dignity" to do so. I have always thought it a good trait in a person's character to be willing to ask forgiveness for being in the wrong; it seems to me people are more gentlemanly, more lady-like and truer Christians for doing so; but you know I have some Lawless and peculiar views concerning life and its duties!

The self-important beings push their way through the world, crowding every one out of their place; perhaps, in their course, they will run "full tilt" against another and almost put his eye out by the brims of their hats. Will they say "Excuse me," or "I beg your pardon?" Not they! it would be "beneath their dignity." I suppose if they saw a man drowning, or a woman starving, it would be "beneath their dignity" to save their lives. Believing themselves to be somebody "of consequence," they hope to force others to believe them so, and at their beck and call hundreds will come—so weak is human nature!

These self-important beings push their way through the world, crowding every one out of their place; perhaps, in their course, they will run "full tilt" against another and almost put his eye out by the brims of their hats. Will they say "Excuse me," or "I beg your pardon?" Not they! it would be "beneath their dignity." I suppose if they saw a man drowning, or a woman starving, it would be "beneath their dignity" to save their lives. Believing themselves to be somebody "of consequence," they hope to force others to believe them so, and at their beck and call hundreds will come—so weak is human nature!

They may be elected to an office under government, promising to do so much for the good of the people yet performing little, seeking their own welfare and letting others take care of themselves. Yet, with all this, they are fated, and dined, and made much of. You know the old proverb—"some men are overvalued though nothing worth." Their great fear is that the world will cease to be when they leave it—that everything will become like chaos when they die. Dear fools! Will life be worth the living—will existence possess any charms for us when they pass away? Will we not be likely to run into some corner and weep our eyes out? Of course!

It is enough to vex the spirit of a saint to witness these self-important beings in their detestable role, and notice the *real deserving* ones so little appreciated—those who toil on, day after day with but little change in their monotonous lives; yet, I think, they must be far happier in their humble sphere, knowing that they are performing the work that God set them to do, than those who carry a high head, a haughty spirit, and a begrudging

nature.

They may be elected to an office under government, promising to do so much for the good of the people yet performing little, seeking their own welfare and letting others take care of themselves. Yet, with all this, they are fated, and dined, and made much of. You know the old proverb—"some men are overvalued though nothing worth." Their great fear is that the world will cease to be when they leave it—that everything will become like chaos when they die. Dear fools! Will life be worth the living—will existence possess any charms for us when they pass away? Will we not be likely to run into some corner and weep our eyes out? Of course!

It is enough to vex the spirit of a saint to witness these self-important beings in their detestable role, and notice the *real deserving* ones so little appreciated—those who toil on, day after day with but little change in their monotonous lives; yet, I think, they must be far happier in their humble sphere, knowing that they are performing the work that God set them to do, than those who carry a high head, a haughty spirit, and a begrudging

nature.

They may be elected to an office under government, promising to do so much for the good of the people yet performing little, seeking their own welfare and letting others take care of themselves. Yet, with all this, they are fated, and dined, and made much of. You know the old proverb—"some men are overvalued though nothing worth." Their great fear is that the world will cease to be when they leave it—that everything will become like chaos when they die. Dear fools! Will life be worth the living—will existence possess any charms for us when they pass away? Will we not be likely to run into some corner and weep our eyes out? Of course!

It is enough to vex the spirit of a saint to witness these self-important beings in their detestable role, and notice the *real deserving* ones so little appreciated—those who toil on, day after day with but little change in their monotonous lives; yet, I think, they must be far happier in their humble sphere, knowing that they are performing the work that God set them to do, than those who carry a high head, a haughty spirit, and a begrudging

nature.

They may be elected to an office under government, promising to do so much for the good of the people yet performing little, seeking their own welfare and letting others take care of themselves. Yet, with all this, they are fated, and dined, and made much of. You know the old proverb—"some men are overvalued though nothing worth." Their great fear is that the world will cease to be when they leave it—that everything will become like chaos when they die. Dear fools! Will life be worth the living—will existence possess any charms for us when they pass away? Will we not be likely to run into some corner and weep our eyes out? Of course!

It is enough to vex the spirit of a saint to witness these self-important beings in their detestable role, and notice the *real deserving* ones so little appreciated—those who toil on, day after day with but little change in their monotonous lives; yet, I think, they must be far happier in their humble sphere, knowing that they are performing the work that God set them to do, than those who carry a high head, a haughty spirit, and a begrudging

nature.

They may be elected to an office under government, promising to do so much for the good of the people yet performing little, seeking their own welfare and letting others take care of themselves. Yet, with all this, they are fated, and dined, and made much of. You know the old proverb—"some men are overvalued though nothing worth." Their great fear is that the world will cease to be when they leave it—that everything will become like chaos when they die. Dear fools! Will life be worth the living—will existence possess any charms for us when they pass away? Will we not be likely to run into some corner and weep our eyes out? Of course!

It is enough to vex the spirit of a saint to witness these self-important beings in their detestable role, and notice the *real deserving* ones so little appreciated—those who toil on, day after day with but little change in their monotonous lives; yet, I think, they must be far happier in their humble sphere, knowing that they are performing the work that God set them to do, than those who carry a high head, a haughty spirit, and a begrudging

nature.

They may be elected to an office under government, promising to do so much for the good of the people yet performing little, seeking their own welfare and letting others take care of themselves. Yet, with all this, they are fated, and dined, and made much of. You know the old proverb—"some men are overvalued though nothing worth." Their great fear is that the world will cease to be when they leave it—that everything will become like chaos when they die. Dear fools! Will life be worth the living—will existence possess any charms for us when they pass away? Will we not be likely to run into some corner and weep our eyes out? Of course!

It is enough to vex the spirit of a saint to witness these self-important beings in their detestable role, and notice the *real deserving* ones so little appreciated—those who toil on, day after day with but little change in their monotonous lives; yet, I think, they must be far happier in their humble sphere, knowing that they are performing the work that God set them to do, than those who carry a high head, a haughty spirit, and a begrudging

nature.

They may be elected to an office under government, promising to do so much for the good of the people yet performing little, seeking their own welfare and letting others take care of themselves. Yet, with all this, they are fated, and dined, and made much of. You know the old proverb—"some men are overvalued though nothing worth." Their great fear is that the world will cease to be when they leave it—that everything will become like chaos when they die. Dear fools! Will life be worth the living—will existence possess any charms for us when they pass away? Will we not be likely to run into some corner and weep our eyes out? Of course!

It is enough to vex the spirit of a saint to witness these self-important beings in their detestable role, and notice the *real deserving* ones so little appreciated—those who toil on, day after day with but little change in their monotonous lives; yet, I think, they must be far happier in their humble sphere, knowing that they are performing the work that God set them to do, than those who carry a high head, a haughty spirit, and a begrudging

nature.

They may be elected to an office under government, promising to do so much for the good of the people yet performing little, seeking their own welfare and letting others take care

A HUNDRED YEARS.

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

What was that light in the Western orient,  
Melting the cloud-cascades to flame?  
What was that sound whose thunderous roar  
Started the mountain, and the main?  
What was that furnished resting plowshares,  
Kindling a yeoman's hopes and fears?  
What? 'Twas one word whose scintillant  
splendor  
Burns in the crown of a hundred years.  
CHORUS.

A hundred years! Ring out the triumph,  
The old bold pealed as patriots trod!  
Bind the patriarch's brow with silver  
Coined from smiles of Freedom's God!  
What was it reared the mammoth bulwarks,  
Where could be seen the sun's bright way to light;  
What was the blazing eye of Genius;  
Where deathless minds demanded Right?  
What was it oped the magic gateway,  
The brain a highway—the court of seers?  
The mighty Press—the people's guardian—  
The master-stroke of a hundred years.

What was it trod with iron footsteaps  
O'er trackless seas with trackless stride,  
Bear'd a living breathing freightage  
From land to land, and to the wide wide  
Strade, while a world stood maze in wonder,  
Stilling the shout for her prince of peers?  
Let it resound, crown Fulton victor—  
The giant mind of a hundred years.

What was it bound the flights of fancy  
With quivering bonds of living steel,  
Sending our thoughts through aerial regions,  
Surprising Time at his onward wheel?  
Girding the earth, dividing waters  
A human lever can surpass,  
Boundless the Field who loosed the monster,  
The master-work of a hundred years.  
What was it tinged our herald-morning  
With snows of peace, with rivid bars?  
What was it struck one grand reveille?  
What was it lit our blazoned stars?  
What is it comes with soft-toned cadence?  
A century's sighs, a century's tears—  
These are the gems of shimmering lustre  
That mists the crown of a hundred years.  
CHORUS.

A hundred years! Strike peals of triumph;  
Shout loud, oh, earth! respond, ye sea!  
A nation's God protect our freedom,  
Till Time, itself, no more shall be!

Great Adventurers.

THE NORSEMEN.

The Old Sea-Kings and "Vineland."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

THAT Columbus was not the first European to look upon the Western World is now a conceded historic fact.

And it seems to be almost equally well proven that, eight hundred years ago, northern America was much less frigid and inhospitable than at the present day.

The fact is, in Siberia, along the Arctic Sea coast line, is one of our regular sources of ivory supply, from the tusks of the now extinct mastodon, is in itself pretty conclusive evidence of at least a temperate climate in that region. So vast must have been the herds of these immense animals that the forest growth to sustain them must also have been of rank luxuriance. But, to-day, and since the historic record with the Arctic zone commands—for four hundred years no herbivorous animal has or has had its habitat there save the moss and lichen-eating deer and musk ox.

The Norsemen, or "Sea-Kings," who, for nearly two centuries, were the terror of the British Isles, and swarmed all over the North Sea, after the Roman decadence, came from Scandinavia—what is now Norway, Sweden, Denmark and the Baltic coasts. No mere ice-land could have produced such a race of adventurers; the "Halls of Odin" and the realms of Thor were not possible in a land of snow and berg. Under all the favoring circumstances of modern civilization those countries are but thinly peopled, save in the more southern extremity.

The cold zone has been slowly but sensibly creeping down from the north. Within a few years it has been announced that Iceland, after having been peopled for nearly a thousand years, is no longer habitable. Where once, on its surface, were pleasant farms, are now only desert wastes, verdureless and frigid. Just a little rim along the sea, where the Gulf Stream current tempers the air, is now habitable at all, and even there the intelligent and hardy Icelanders have a struggle for life that is depopulating the old Danish province, and in a few years, in all probability, we shall witness the entire desertion of that old Norse domain. Its towns, its public buildings, its homes will remain alone and tenantless in cold desolation.

Iceland, discovered A. D. 861, was peopled about the year 870, by the Danes, and soon became a flourishing colony. From thence it was an easy step to Greenland; so a colony was planted there in the year 889. It was named Greenland from the green hue of its hills and valleys, and was considered an important acquisition. Under Eric the Red, and his son Bjorn (or Bjorn), trading in two vessels between Norway and Iceland, were separated, A. D. 1001, by a storm, and when the son finally reached Norway he learned that his father had sailed for Eric's colony in Greenland; so thither he determined to follow. He was buffeted by a powerful north wind that drove his little vessel, for days, before it, to the south-west. He at length struck a low-lying land, covered with forests, with an island and off the coast. He returned northward to Eric's colony, and the announcement of the discovery so inflamed the spirit of adventure, there, that Lief, the son of Eric, governor of the colony, fitted out a vessel, and with a crew of twenty-five men, and Bjorn for pilot, he started for the new country, A. D. 1002. He first sighted a coast which he named Helleland (Land of Rocks), supposed to be Labrador. Running south, he soon found a land of low, wood-covered shores, with a beach of very white sand. This he named Markland (Land of Wood)—supposed to be Newfoundland, east coast. Two days' more sailing and he made land again—small island before the main land. There he landed, and found the climate, soil, and products all encouraging. Embarking again, he rounded what is supposed to have been the south-east extremity of Newfoundland, and sailed west, until he came to a river. Up this he ran (supposed to be Fortune Bay), and finding a creek, ran up it. Everything was pleasant—air balmy, land covered with richest verdure, the bushes bearing berries, and in the woods were found grapes, which a German among the crew informed the Danes were the source of wine. Everything was so inviting that they resolved to tarry there for the winter, and did so, christening it *Winland*—in deference to its riches in vines—or, more fully, *Winland dot Gude*—the Good Wine Country. The winter was passed pleasantly,

and the vessel returned, next spring (A. D. 1003), to Greenland to report the good news. A number of the adventurers had remained to found a colony. And this was the first European settlement in America.

Grave discussions followed over the location of *Vinland* (or *Winland*). The historians who have dragged to light the old records of these voyages—well preserved in Icelandic literature—have different views of the precise location. Dr. Forster is inclined to fix it at the head of the Bay of Exploits, on the east coast of the island, for the reason that the landmarks are favorable, and because the chroniclers announced that the sun arose on the shortest day at eight o'clock. This would make it on parallel 49°—where Forster indicates. But others see it differently. There are not wanting good reasons to sustain the text we have accepted, which gives the colony a far more favorable location than in the bleak region around the Bay of Exploits. There the cold north-east winds are very hard to endure, while on the south coast of the island, along which sweeps the warm current of the tide in from the Gulf Stream, the surroundings are wholly consistent with a land of vines.

Voyages between Greenland and *Vinland* followed. In 1004 the colonists first found natives. That summer three canoes containing three men in each, came in the bay. The Norsemen killed them all save one, who escaped, and paddling away, informed his tribe of the slaughter and brought them down upon the invaders, whose ships now rode at anchor in the waters. The natives were easily driven off. They were called by the colonists *Skraelings* (chips or dwarfs) from their diminutive size, and are supposed to have been Esquimaux from Labrador above, who probably ran down the west coast of Newfoundland every summer in pursuit of fish, game, fruit, etc.

This encounter, however, opened communication with the natives, and a profitable commerce in furs sprung up, which continued for years, until the quarrels of rival chiefs and wars at home wrought disaster to the colony, and from all that can be learned, those of the Norsemen who remained amalgamated with the natives and produced the race that was found on Newfoundland by the English—a race wholly unlike any other in color, features, habits and language.

In the year 1121, Eric, bishop of Greenland, went to *Vinland* to recover his countrymen from the savage condition into which they had degenerated, but, strange to tell, Eric and all his followers never more were heard of.

The sagas or old-time stories detail the progress of this deterioration of the settlers until, in the year 1050, a priest sent for their reconversion was cruelly murdered by them. After that they seem to have been given up until the good bishop Eric, as above stated, resolved to reclaim his lost brethren. Whether Eric was lost at sea, or perished at the hands of his degenerate countrymen, never will be known. From that date the Norsemen in *Vinland* wholly disappear from observation or mention.

Had Greenland prospered, doubtless the new country would have been reclaimed; but it is supposed that about that time climatic changes took place, rendering it yearly more difficult to maintain the colonies there. What caused this change we will try to indicate.

While the fever of adventure was on the Norsemen, in the first years of the discovery of the continent, it is presumed that they cruised along the coast to Cape Cod or Newport Bay, for many antiquarians see in the celebrated and most mysterious Round Tower of Newport a certain sign of their presence there; but it is yet to be proven that that Tower is their handiwork. It certainly was the work of a civilized race, built, as it is, with architectural skill and nicely, with selected stone, laid up with a strong mortar. For what purpose it was erected no one can say. It simply is a round room sustained on a beautiful series of arches and pillars, standing on a slight elevation that slopes away gently to the waters of the land-locked harbor. If the Norsemen did not build it, who did? There is, and in its present roofless condition, when the English first penetrated Newport Bay.

But the most startling mystery of the north is the entire disappearance of a group of islands—one of them larger than Iceland, and known as *Frisland*. This land, as a royal domain, comes out in the story of the Venetian brothers Zeno—one of whom, in the year 1380, was driven upon it in an adventurous voyage to Britain and Flanders. He was well received by the chief or king of the island, and given command of his fleet. This brother thereupon sent to his younger brother Antonio, in Venice, asking him to come on and share his good fortune. Antonio went to *Frisland*, and in the service of the king—who aimed at the supremacy of the North Sea—they assailed both *Ice-land* and *Greenland*, and cruised one thousand miles to the *westward*. Besides the evidence of the letters written by Antonio to his brother Carlo in Venice, we have other proof which goes to show that *Frisland* was such a country and inhabited by such a race as the Zeno brothers described. Authorities agree that it was larger than *Ice-land*, and *Hakluyt* says larger than *Ireland*. Frobisher saw and spoke of *Frisland*, in each of his three north voyages (1576-77-78). He exactly locates it, viz.:

"July 4th, (1577), we made land perfect, and found it to be *Frisland*. Found ourselves in latitude 60°<sup>N</sup>, and were fallen with the southermost part of this land. It is thought to be in bigness not inferior to *England*. . . . They the Zeno brothers have in their sea-charts described every part; and for so much of the land as we have sailed along, marking their charts with the coast, we find it very agreeable."

This land no longer has any existence! Captain Hall sailed over its site in 1612, but failed to find it. On his map, or chart for his guidance, *Frisland* was laid down between 61° and 62° latitude, about four hundred miles N. W. of Scotland. Frobisher's island of "Buss" was placed in latitude 57°. This island Frobisher fell in with, on his return from his third Arctic voyage, in the ship *Buss*, "in latitude 57°, fifty leagues S. E. of *Frisland*." He sailed along it for three days. It, too, has disappeared. It probably was simply the southeastern part of *Frisland*, which must have gone down in the sea, with all its inhabitants, between the years 1578 and 1612.

Now for the results. As the warm Gulf Stream was deflected toward *Iceland* and *East Greenland*, in consequence of the great land of *Frisland*, lying mostly in the path of its flow, it made *Iceland* and *Greenland* sensibly warm and habitable during their first settlements, but, as the island began to subside, the current began to flow more away from the western lands, and finally, when the whole of *Frisland* disappeared under water, the Gulf Stream ran over its site. As the island was about three hundred miles in diameter the warm stream began to flow more and more over it for that extent of surface, but not until the sinking land had gone down to a great depth was the Gulf Ocean River fully deflected to its present bed. Then ice-fields began to collect along all

the coast between *Greenland* and *Iceland*, and, in consequence, *Iceland* grew colder, and yearly more inhospitable. And now, as *Frisland* has sunk probably to its lowest depth, the warm Gulf Stream flows so far away that *Iceland* is frigid beyond reacimation. In a few years more all its people will have passed either over to *Denmark* or to *British North America*, where already they have secured concessions of land and formed the nucleus of their new home.

The changes that time has wrought on *Greenland* and *Iceland* seem to have affected *Newfoundland*. Its wine land is wine land no more.

Pert.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

ings, Gus Jones, as you have for me, for all you pretend so much."

"I ain't been a-pretending," said the awkward young fellow who had come nearer her, doggedly. "What's the use suspicing that of me when I'm only anxious you should take me at my word to-morrow."

"I shall not take you, depend on it."

"Don't quarrel children. For you, Pert, you might go further and do worse than to take Gus. You won't find one to treat you better."

"Then I'll do without any. There's your goods, aunt Jude. I've done enough for you to-day not to be badgered now, I think."

"If you weren't a silly chit you'd know what was for your good. It's all the thanks I'm to have for my trouble and care of you; I'm to see my boy break his heart because I was soft enough to bring you up like my own."

"It'll not be for me, Aunt Jude. He kept all his sweet words for *Tillie Gray*, until a month ago. You like her better to-day than you do me, Gus, and I know it. You can get her now for the asking, and it's the mitten you'll get all around, if you put it off too long."

Mrs. Jones turned hastily toward the doorway.

"Come in out of the night, children. You've kept me waiting tea till it's spoiled, like as not, Pert."

"Then you can just let it wait a minute longer, mother. She's said the truth, if it ever was said. *Tillie Gray* won't stand it to be fooled, and she'll think I'm fooling if I hang on and on. I've tried to please you, and I'm willing still it's to be done; but if Pert won't have me, I don't see the sense of losing 'em both. She's not such a forgiving critter that I risk much for the sake of getting her, so if you're agreeable, mother—"

"Gus! Gus!" cried the woman, warningly.

"It's time we made an end of it," said Gus, stoutly. "Murder will out, and I doubt if you or I would be any better off. You ain't done your duty to Pert, over and above as I can see, and if she don't take to me enough to bear with me now, things ain't apt to better themselves by-and-by. It ain't natural that they should. I ain't one to preach, but it seems to me it's time the square thing was done all around, and so if Pert says it again, I'll make it convenient to want the girl that's wanting me, instead of one that gives me nothing but hard words from week's end to week's end."

"Stick to that and you'll not get so many of them. You're not such a bad fellow, Gus, when you don't bother me. Oh," she said, in a sudden fit of repentance; "I've been nothing but a trouble to you and aunt Jude, and ever since that day Madame Dare rode by here I haven't felt like myself. It was that very day you asked me first, Gus, and I said 'No,' as I say it now and always will."

The eyes of the mother and son met in a significant glance, but Pert, who was planted now with her back against the door-frame, and her troubled face, turned toward the outer night, saw nothing. She was glad when tea was over and the dishes washed, and she free to go up to her attic chamber and dream of *Arundale*. They were at breakfast next morning when her invitation thither came. Pert glanced appealingly toward Aunt Jude. She sat in her place, a figure as gray, and grim, and still as she had been carved from stone, her eyes upon her plate, her lips set in a hard line. The girl slipped from her seat, and put her arm about the woman's neck.

"Say I can go, auntie, please. You would if you knew how badly I want to."

"Then go, for all of me." It was not a gracious consent, but it was better than Pert had expected.

"Gray says that young Mr. Dare has come, and is a pleasant-spoken gentleman," volunteered Gus, his eyes upon his mother's face.

"But it does seem a pity for *Arundale* to go to one that's a most no kin at all to the *Arundel's*. Do you know they was saying, mother, if the little girl had lived she'd be fifteen year old to-day?"

"My birthday," said Pert, involuntarily; "and just my age. But she would have been mistress of *Arundale*."

Aunt Jude's stony lips moved then. "She was lost in the wing that was burned down the same night her father was killed. They'd have hung him only that they had to shoot him dead to get him at all."

"You were in the house that night, mother?"

"Yes, and I'll never forget it. Not likely I should. *Arundel* was a good man, kind-hearted and free-handed. He gave us a shelter and we work when it was the darkest hour for you and me, Gus, and I'm going to pay back the debt before this day's over. Depend on it."

"Do you raise many such girls in *Alabam-a*, I wonder?" said Pert, involuntarily; "and just my age. But she would have been mistress of *Arundale*."

"I hear they are going to have a fandango of some sort at the house to-morrow. Are you coming?"

"The festivities are in honor of the new owner of *Arundale*," said Pert, with the precision of one who repeats a lesson. "There is to be a dinner on the lawn for the tenantry, with dancing and fireworks afterward, a feast at the quarters, and a ball at the house in the evening. As I am neither a tenant, a negro, nor a lady, I shall not be there."

"By George! as much a lady as any one who will be there," cried *Dare*, impetuously. "I say, if the fellow who had the management of the thing, the agent, you know, sends you an invitation yet, will you come?"

Pert gave him an incredulous glance, while her breath died away upon her lips. If she could, if she only could! The very thought set all the blood in her veins tingling.

"Madame Dare," she faltered; "Madame Dare would never send one."

"Madame Dare will do as I ask her."

"Then I'll come."

"Good child! I knew you would." But she was already off, flying away through the dusk. *Dare* laughed a low, satisfied laugh to himself as he sprang again into his saddle.

"Whatever my lady mother may say," he muttered, "I will have my own way."

The girl stood still in the purple twilight and listened to the dying sound of his horse's hoofs, then climbing the rising ground to its highest point, stood looking away in the distance where *Arundale* lifted its stately walls and sent its many lights streaming far into the night. The noble plantation of *Arundale* which had been for a dozen years without an owner, whose last master had fallen by the hands of his own neighbors, a victim to the frenzy of the extreme faction in the earliest, wildest excitement of the rebellion. *Arundale* and the massive shut-up mansion there had always possessed a sort of weird attraction for *Rupert* *Dare*, and now it had fallen to an heir-at-law—*Vernon* *Dare*.

It was a few moments' delay while *Gus*, who was to act as her escort home, was found, and his permission for her stay obtained. As they neared the entrance, a servant flitted out to intercept them with a message from Madame *Dare*. They were requested to attend her in the library without delay.

"An odd message from the madame just at this time," said *Vernon*, with a shrug. "I hope she hasn't repented," he thought, uneasily. "It would cut me almost as much as to lose one herself to have her disappointed now."

It was rather a singular tableau which presented itself as the library door swung back to admit them.

seen his uncle back in that wearisome sick-chamber, out of which he had started him for ever. He was not a murderer at heart—not even a robber or dishonest man; he had been led away, by the temptations of an easy life, and the weak promptings of a selfish, luxurious nature, to consent to a wrong which he persuaded himself was not so mean and wicked as it really was. Now, he saw it in its true light—too late for repentance to avail.

Business kept him for some weeks, the most of the time at the Villa, and when he finally left it, for the winter, in care of the house-keeper, it was as its undisputed master. Uncle Peter's property was found to be more instead of less, as is generally the case, than was currently reported. His prudent operations had been successful, and there was plenty of money in the bank, as well as much invested in profitable ways which brought in a handsome income.

Branthope, with his pleasure-loving temperament, had nothing to do but to lay the ghosts which haunted him. He was obliged to do it, in self-defense, he was so miserable—obliged to become almost recklessly gay, to keep constantly in society, to be always in the company of good fellows, of bright ladies, in order to shut out the pictures which arose before him in solitude. He was quite successful in his attempts to forget and be happy. After a time he became really what at first he had only affected, gay and care-free; only, at intervals, he would have visions, and at night, frequently, startling and unpleasant dreams.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE CREW OF THE SALLY ANN.

In the mean time, what of Margaret?

Not drowned, not found, as our readers must have foreseen. She was awakened from that sleepy floating upon clouds of elder-down, by a rude thump against some massive piece of timber. Involuntarily she reached toward her hand.

The struggle for the life she had resigned began over again. She was choking and cramping—she was sinking. As she stretched out her arm, she felt and clasped a wooden beam. She clung to it, got her other arm over it, and held on, with her head above the foul and freezing water which moaned and seethed and still rose higher about her—for the tide was setting in. Presently she had recovered sufficient breath to enable her to crawl, with a great, disheartening effort, upon the beam, and to cling with cold, numb fingers, to another cross-piece above. She knew very well where she was. *Under the dock!* dark waters underneath, slimy walls about her, heavy wooden planks above. Ah, what a coffin! She shuddered with the thought, and with the bitter cold.

When she was a trifle more composed, less water in her ears and mouth, she heard the trampling of feet above her, saw the gleam of a lantern through a crack in her prison-ceiling, knew that they were looking for her, that by crying out she could yet be saved. She pressed her trembling lips more firmly together, and was dumb.

She crouched in that awful place until voices and lights were gone. A long time! They had given her up at last, thank God! Now for courage to meet a lingering death. Oh, why had she not sunk at once!—then all would have been over. The water rose, and almost washed her from her slippery hold. She was so wet, so chilled. Time wore on. The tide was still rising. It came over her, where she clung. She wondered if she might not struggle up to the cross-piece to which she was holding on with her hands. She cautiously made the effort and succeeded. No sooner was she established in this new hold on life, than she saw stars twinkling above her—a piece of the blue sky. Before, all had been dark—dark as the grave. After a moment's study she made out, with a sudden leap of the heart, that part of a plank was missing from the flooring of the pier. If she could but reach to crawl out through that, she might yet be saved—might fly from the man who called her his wife, might creep and crawl by night back to Branthope Villa, and there be hidden and protected.

With the hope came a renewal of her ebbing strength. Very carefully, slipping and clinging, she got upon her feet, put her head through the opening, which was on a level, now, with her waist, and looked about her. There was no one to assist—or betray. Using an elbow for a lever, she lifted herself; her knee was upon the flooring—one more effort, and she stood upon the pier. Saved!

She had not felt the wind in that terrible shelter below there. Now it blew about her, flapping her wet garments, which almost froze to her limbs. She realized that a few moments of such exposure would render her helpless, unless she greatly exerted herself. High clouds were hurrying across the sky, obscuring the stars one moment, to pass from them the next. The light was faint and uncertain, but she groped her way off the pier, until she came into a street which she supposed to be West street. She began to run, to keep from freezing; but whenever she came near a lamp, she hurried by with caution, and when, rarely, she saw a policeman approaching on his beat, she hid in areas, or behind sheds or lumber-piles, until he had passed. To seek assistance of one of these was, probably, to be given back into the power of that man. She had no set project of escape—only a dim idea that if she could struggle on she might reach the open country before daybreak, and ask for warmth and food at some humble house, where her identity would not be suspected.

She had far greater powers of endurance than most girls of the present day, her free country life and her inherited English constitution having insured her that; but the wind numbed her, and her wet clothes were heavy as if made of iron.

Still she struggled and stumbled on, until, at last, upon the approach of an officer down the street with a bull's-eye open in his hand, she fled out upon the pier into a large lumber-yard, where she lost herself amid high piles of boards, and when she attempted to come out on the street again, found herself on the river-side, with gaunt skeletons of masts standing against the sky, and quiet fleets of vessels crowded side by side, locked up there, as if they were at their winter moorings. Her eyes were dim by this time, and her brain numb as her feet and hands. Her very heart was deathly cold, and when she went to turn she became confused. Presently she was conscious that a light, like that of a lamp was shining somewhere, and she stumbled toward it; but before she quite reached it, she fell, and after that she knew no more for some hours.

When Margaret again unclosed her eyes, the daylight came dimly into the place where she was. It was a queer place; she could not make it out, and she lay quietly in her bewilderment, wondering, and, by degrees, remembering. She lay on a sort of shelf on one side of a room about eight feet wide by twelve long; there was another shelf above and one beneath

her, in which she heard a little child tossing and talking and teasing to be taken up. There was a very tiny stove in one corner, upon which stood a tin coffee-pot; a small table in another corner, spread with the necessities of a very modest breakfast; a cradle was crowded close upon the table, and, indeed, the whole little apartment had a sadly crowded aspect, containing, as it did, the furniture and equipments of an entire family of four, inclusive of sleeping arrangements—which crowded aspect I beg your pardon, a thousand times, I didn't mean that, oh no! I would trust you with the Bank of Boston, if I had it—which I have not!" smiling sadly. "But I'm so afraid I shall be found—discovered—by those who, doubtless, are looking for me. They will search everywhere; the police will know it, and, oh, I would rather die this hour than fall again into their hands. It was to get away from them that I sprang into the river. They, probably, believe that I am drowned. But they will try to be certain of it. They are rich—they will buy the assistance of others—the police will be on the watch. If any one hears of my being here I shall be taken away. Oh, clasping her hands, "if there were any cellar dark enough to hide me! No, I dare not sleep. I must keep on the watch; for if I hear or see them coming I shall kill myself." They never—never—never shall take me alive!" She sank back on her pillow, exhausted, looking piteously at her new friends with those beautiful eyes, whose pleadings they had not heard hard enough to withstand.

"Nobody shall tech yo ag'in your will while I'm master of the Sally Ann," said the man, throwing back his shoulders, and glowing with an expression like that of a commander on deck, and about to engage with the enemy.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" "An' look-a-here, my beauty. You jest go to sleep as sound as you like. Not a body shall set foot on this craft this day, 'ceptin' them already here. I'll stand watch all day, if ye say so—though, Lord knows, we ain't likely to be troubled with visitors, are we, Sally?"

Sally dimpled all over, as she usually did when addressed, saying:

"We aint tied up but a fortnight, and we don't know a soul about us yet. You kin sleep as peaceful here as if you was in the moon. If anybody comes inquirin' round I'm sharp enough to turn 'em off. No need, Zeke, o' your givin' up yer day's work to stan' watch. I'll take keer o' the Sally Ann, and all on board."

"It's safe to leave me here," spoke Margaret, a little anxiously, "I wish you would go out. You will probably hear what is said about the accident; and please bring me a paper, if there's anything about a lady's being drowned, in them, to-day."

"Jes' as the wimmen decides. That's my rule o' conduct. And, Sally, keep a sharp eye out, and if yer sees the enemy bearin' down, clear the decks for action. Keep the door of the cabin locked; and, law, Miss, if you'd feel easier, pull down them little curtains, and there you are; shut up like a bag o' gold in a chest. Nobody never guess you was there, if they come right in. Mother'll put your clo'es out o' sight as soon as they're dry, an' you kin lie as snug as a kernel in a nut."

When he was ready to go forth for the day his wife followed him out, and as she towered beside him on the deck of the canal-boat, her whole face was illuminated, in all its folds and dimples, as she whispered, emphatically:

"There's some romantical mystery, I tell you, Zeke, about that young lady. Notin' common, nuther. To think o' her bein' led to the Sally Ann, an' I so fond of 'em!"

"Fond o' what?" asked her partner, perplexed.

"Romantical mysteries. Why, it's as good as a novel, an' a good deal more real, a-havin' in her here in our very cabin. I sha'n't begrudge her a little trouble, it's so nice to have it happen here—but I'm dyin' to know the climax."

"Well, don't you bother her with too many questions. As soon as she sees you're real friendly she'll let it all out, no doubt. I'll come home early—like as not I shall learn all about her, in the papers, or from the plice."

"But you won't betray her, Zeke?"

"Not I! The master o' the Sally Ann don't betray one o' the softer sex who has confided in him. Sally, you know that?"

"Yes, I do. An' bring a chicken, Zeke, to make her some broth. Between you an' I an' the sign-post, I don't reckon on her leavin' us to-day. I see a fever comin' on."

"That's pesky bad for her, poor young thing. But you're a purty good nurse, mother. Doctor her up as well as you kin, an' I'll not forget the chicken."

He went away, and Mrs. Sally, returning to the cabin, heroically suppressed her inclination to talk, and, drawing the curtain before the berth in which the stranger lay, took her baby in her lap, and sung it to sleep to the music of the "Bay o' Barbary." Her other child played quietly about her feet, but she sung two children to sleep with the same touching ditty; for Margaret, whose brain already began to wander a little, dreamed that she was a babe and was being rocked to sleep on her mother's breast, and thus dreaming sunk into a heavy, but not healthy slumber.

She slept until late in the afternoon. When, finally, she unclosed her languid eyes, the long stripe of windows, the low ceiling, the little stove and the large woman, were all as if she had never seen them before, and after that, for several days, her memory only came to her at intervals, during which she would so piteously implore her humble friends not to summon a physician, not to let any one see her, that they, albeit much alarmed at her condition, unwillingly consented, Mrs. Sally bringing to bear all her New England knowledge of herbs and bitters, and much weighed down by a sense of responsibility, as well as an intense desire to know the "climax."

At about the tenth day Margaret broke the fever-chain, cleared the cobwebs of delirium from her brain, and was once more herself. Her young and vigorous constitution now asserted itself in her rapid recovery. "The papers—all the daily papers, since I came here," were the first things she asked for.

Zeke brought her a pile of them; but the letters swam before her eyes, and she had to take a day or two's regimen of chicken-broth and egg-nogg before she could begin the task of going through with them.

"Yes, yes—all right. Don't you go to tirin' yerself out, talkin'. I've got yer wet things a-dryin', an' I'll press 'em off by mby, an' yer can fix yourself quite decent before your friends comes after you. Now, I jest tell you, the best thing for you is to take a good long nap. I'll try and git baby to sleep 't the same time, so's we kon' hev it quiet."

"Oh," said Margaret, "I don't wish to go to sleep—I'm afraid to."

"Afraid of us?" asked the little man, crimping with a smile.

singing with indignation. "Do you s'pose the owners o' the Sally Ann would a' left us to take keer of her—in full charge of her, without payin' a cent o' rent for our accommodations, if we was that kind o' folks! If you had the hull Bank o' Boston in yer pocket, we shouldn't tech it!"

"I beg your pardon, a thousand times, I didn't mean that, oh no! I would trust you with the Bank of Boston, if I had it—which I have not!" smiling sadly. "But I'm so afraid I shall be found—discovered—by those who, doubtless, are looking for me. They will search everywhere; the police will know it, and, oh, I would rather die this hour than fall again into their hands. It was to get away from them that I sprang into the river. They, probably, believe that I am drowned. But they will try to be certain of it. They are rich—they will buy the assistance of others—the police will be on the watch. If any one hears of my being here I shall be taken away. Oh, clasping her hands, "if there were any cellar dark enough to hide me! No, I dare not sleep. I must keep on the watch; for if I hear or see them coming I shall kill myself."

"They never—never—never shall take me alive!" She sank back on her pillow, exhausted, looking piteously at her new friends with those beautiful eyes, whose pleadings they had not heard hard enough to withstand.

Margaret sat straight up in bed; a hot flush rushed over her pale face, and her eyes flashed lightnings.

"Don't call me by that name," she said, passionately; "it is mine, I suppose, but it was fastened on me by fraud, and I refuse it. You know, of course, all that the papers can reveal, Mrs. Griggs. I am Mrs. Martinique—drowned, buried, my husband sailed for his southern home, my uncle killed by the news of my death, my cousin left sole heir to the estate—thus the papers have it, and thus it is. Mind you, it is, and must ever be. That I am not dead and buried is no one's affair but my own. I choose to have it thought that I am thus disposed of."

"Mrs. Griggs, circumstances have placed me in your power. You have been like a sister to me, and your husband has been like a brother. In return, I will explain to you why I did not choose to go to South America with Mr. Martinique!" The twinkling eyes shone brightly through the half-shut lids: little Hiram was boxed on the ear for attempting to blow his penny whistle, and the baby's mouth was stopped with its natural stopper, while Mrs. Griggs listened to as much as Margaret thought necessary to explain.

"It was a weary, dreary life to Margaret—relieved only by the absolute good-humor and even affection of her humble friends; she knew they liked to have her there; indeed, Mrs. Sally declared it was like a constant play at the Bowery to have her before their very eyes, and that she was paying for her accommodations; but it could not be denied that she still further crowded the tiny cabin, whose chief characteristic was that of being crowded, and which continually ran over at the door, and seemed about to bulge out at the sides, like a picnic basket that is bursting its lid with overpacking.

Zekiel always declared there was room to spare, an innocent fiction on his part, forgivable, under the circumstances; while, as for Mrs. Sally, she often dropped her book in the midst of its most thrilling passages, to gaze upon the young, noble, and beautiful face bent over that delicate embroidery, which was then necessary to explain.

"That's a climax, now, a-worth a-comin' to! I've always felt 'ould be my lot to be mixed up with a reg'lar tragedie yet, as I've often said to Zeke—an' here it is, sure enough!"

Mrs. Griggs, during that portion of her life spent peacefully on the calm bosom of the great canal, had been mistress of many quiet hours which otherwise might have been, to say the least, monotonous, but she not only filled them and thrilled them with the perusal of many exciting works of fiction, from the "Mysteries of Udolpho," down to the "Gunner of Moscow," and being naturally, despite of her large size and her excess of dimples, as sentimental as the thinnest old maid you could bring to match her, was always on the lookout for romantical mysteries in real life. She was really happy in having, at last, one laid at her very door—brought there, as herself felt certain, by a "circumstantial Providence."

"Wild horses shall never tear it from me," she assured the girl, who, again pale and trembling, had sat back on her pillow, after the conclusion of the brief account of herself, and the good woman, stooping to kiss the white cheek, saw, in her mind's eye, herself converted into an immense barge, laden with this weighty and important secret, which the wild horses of the tow-path in vain endeavored to drag from her.

"If Senior Martinique was to come, himself, with his hands chock full of Brazilian diamonds, I couldn't be tempted to open my mouth—neither could Zekiel. Laws, no! don't think we could lend ourselves to such a downright conspiracy. We'll keep your secret, as far as I'm concerned. I'll bring you to the Sally Ann, an' I so fond of 'em!"

"Fond o' what?" asked her partner, perplexed.

"Romantical mysteries. Why, it's as good as a novel, an' a good deal more real, a-havin' in her here in our very cabin. I sha'n't begrudge her a little trouble, it's so nice to have it happen here—but I'm dyin' to know the climax."

"Well, don't you bother her with too many questions. As soon as she sees you're real friendly she'll let it all out, no doubt. I'll come home early—like as not I shall learn all about her, in the papers, or from the plice."

"But you won't betray her, Zeke?"

"Not I! The master o' the Sally Ann don't betray one o' the softer sex who has confided in him. Sally, you know that?"

"Yes, I do. An' bring a chicken, Zeke, to make her some broth. Between you an' I an' the sign-post, I don't reckon on her leavin' us to-day. I see a fever comin' on."

"That's pesky bad for her, poor young thing. But you're a purty good nurse, mother. Doctor her up as well as you kin, an' I'll not forget the chicken."

He went away, and Mrs. Sally, returning to the cabin, heroically suppressed her inclination to talk, and, drawing the curtain before the berth in which the stranger lay, took her baby in her lap, and sung it to sleep to the music of the "Bay o' Barbary." Her other child played quietly about her feet, but she sung two children to sleep with the same touching ditty; for Margaret, whose brain already began to wander a little, dreamed that she was a babe and was being rocked to sleep on her mother's breast, and thus dreaming sunk into a heavy, but not healthy slumber.

She slept until late in the afternoon. When, finally, she unclosed her languid eyes, the long stripe of windows, the low ceiling, the little stove and the large woman, were all as if she had never seen them before, and after that, for several days, her memory only came to her at intervals, during which she would so piteously implore her humble friends not to summon a physician, not to let any one see her, that they, albeit much alarmed at her condition, unwillingly consented, Mrs. Sally bringing to bear all her New England knowledge of herbs and bitters, and much weighed down by a sense of responsibility, as well as an intense desire to know the "climax."

At about the tenth day Margaret broke the fever-chain, cleared the cobwebs of delirium from her brain, and was once more herself. Her young and vigorous constitution now asserted itself in her rapid recovery. "The record in the church where they were married; she had, also, the certificate which he had thrust into her hand, and which, mechanically, she had placed in her pocket before alighting from the carriage. Mrs. Sally had found it and dried it, and pressed it carefully between the leaves of the Bible, where it still lay, discolored, but legible.

Margaret might have spared the watch, and would have done so willingly, notwithstanding that it was a gift from Uncle Peter, and now her only keepsake from him; but her dread of discovery made her afraid to have it offered for sale. It was marked with her monogram, and might, very possibly, lead to inquiries and detection. Her rings and pins Mrs. Griggs sold for her, and bought, with the money, materials for embroidery, and as soon as she was able to sit up, the forlorn, but resolute girl, in this

curious prison in which she voluntarily imured herself, began to do exquisite needle-work, which her hostess disposed of at the fancy-stores. The sum she was enabled to earn by constant application was very small, but it enabled her to pay for board all that it was really worth, and to buy herself a pair of shoes, and a plain delaine dress.

Mrs. Sally was not at all expert with the needle, and it was a great comfort to her to have this "romantic" young lady finish up the set of summer shirts she had begun for Zekiel, and make the baby's frocks so prettily, while she devoted herself to the unlimited perusal of all the "mysteries" she could lay her hands upon.

It was a weary, dreary life to Margaret—relieved only by the absolute good-humor and even affection of her humble friends; she knew they liked to have her there; indeed, Mrs. Sally declared it was like a constant play at the Bowery to have her before their very eyes, and that she was paying for her accommodations; but it could not be denied that she still further crowded the tiny cabin, whose chief characteristic was that of being crowded, and which continually ran over at the door, and seemed about to bulge out at the sides, like a picnic basket that is bursting its lid with overpacking.

Zekiel always declared there was room to spare, an innocent fiction on his part, forgivable, under the circumstances; while, as for Mrs. Sally, she often dropped her book in the

make my blood run no colder. You'd make a dreadful find actress, Miss Margaret, an' no mistake. Why don't you offer yourself to the managers? They'd snap you up in a minute. Why, do you know, I b'lieve I'd 'a' bin an actress myself, if my figger didn't stand in the way. I'm too fat for the tragedy parts, which is what I naturally take to. But you! Look at her, Zeke!" to her husband, who had just come in to tea. "Ain't she well adapted to the stage?"

The young lady did present a striking effect, with her bonnet dangling down her shoulders, her superb black hair following the bonnet, her face like marble, her eyes blazing, her expression full of the passion her words had breathed.

"Ah, yes!" she murmured, coming down from her high tragedy with a mournful smile; "I have thought of it myself, Mrs. Griggs. But I am cut off from that, as from everything else, by the danger of discovery."

Margaret had thought a good deal of the drama as a means of earning a living, for her vivid impressions of her first night at the opera still remained; but the fact that certain betrayal must follow her appearance in New York, had held her desire in check. More than once she had resolved to endeavor to sell her watch for enough to pay her expenses to London, where she would feel more secure in beginning a new career; and this night, as she lay long awake, she pondered the plan in all its aspects, and resolved to carry it into effect very soon.

It was a week before Margaret again ventured from the shelter of the Sally Ann. But Mrs. Griggs was not very well. The work was promised, and she set out to deliver it herself, purposely delaying her walk until as near dark as was prudent. It was not pleasant to be out late when her homeward way lay amid such purples as surrounded the canal-boat, lying as it did, moored to its dock, in a part of the city frequented by sailors, longshoremen, workers in coal and lumber-yards, and by a very rough working-class generally, as well as particularly by occasional hard characters.

The street lamps had been some time lighted, when she, having been detained a little while at the store, and by making some purchases for Mrs. Sally, hurrying along with as business-like an air as she could assume, carrying her basket with its parcels of tea and sugar, turned into the lumber-yard which lay between the street and the Sally Ann. The regular employees of the yard knew her as an inmate of the canal-boat, although they had never seen her unvalued face; Margaret was not afraid of them, and did not think seriously of it, as a man came round from behind a pile of boards, and advanced so that they must meet in the path. There was a lamp not far away, but they were not in sight from the street, as the fellow walked slowly past, whistling and eying her so sharply that she, in turn, regarded him. Her veil was up now, as she could not see without, and as they passed each other, the gleam of the lamp fell directly upon her face. It immediately affected her, though she really did not think of it, as if she had seen the man before—how or where was as shadowy as the impression itself. He was a disagreeable-looking person, with reddish, unkempt beard, an ugly mouth, and malicious eyes. Scarcely had she passed when she felt herself caught about the waist, and a rough hand turned her face to the light of the lamp. She attempted to scream, but her voice died in her dry throat.

"By hokey! here's a s'ell! so you ain't dead and drowned, after all, my pretty Miss Martin, or whatever it is!"

She recognized him then—the driver to whom she had appealed on the dock, on the night of her marriage. The sword, suspended by a hair, had fallen—and so soon! but she made a brave effort for her salvation, and looked him in the face with affected surprise.

"Let me go!" she said, as soon as she could command her voice; "I am Mrs. Griggs' girl, and she wants me home with these things. I'll call the police if you don't let me go."

"The same voice, too," he replied, coolly; "a scart voice, as before, and one not to be mistaken. Oh, yes! I'll let you go." "You keep close aboard ship; an' to-morrow I'll find out all about that fellow. I'll question the police."

Margaret, or Lucille, as we shall hereafter call her, while it suited her to bear that name, passed a wretched night. Her peace of mind was completely unsettled; never again, for a moment, could she feel safe. The next day she bent, pale and nervous, steadily over her needle, but every sound made her start. To please her, Mrs. Griggs kept the cabin-door bolted and formed herself into a guard. At evening, when Zeke returned from his work on the docks, he was enabled to give Lucille the name of her tormentor, and to announce that, at present, he was in prison, and would probably be sent up for a few weeks for assault and battery on a fellow hackman. Gus Nichols, although driving a carriage, as the ostensible means of making a living, was suspected, by the police, to be a person of bad habits, whose ways ought to be kept under surveillance. Indeed, he had once been arrested for robbing a passenger, but the charge was not proved, and he was acquitted. That he was quarrelsome and brutal, he had proved often enough; in fact, he had been skulking yesterday to escape the consequences of nearly killing a man with whom he had quarreled.

Lucille breathed somewhat freer when she heard that he was certainly under arrest; and the inmates of the cabin waited with even a sharper interest than the prisoner himself, to learn, by the daily papers, if he were convicted of the offense charged against him. When it was ascertained that he was sent to Blackwell's for two months, Lucille accepted it as the doomed accept a respite. For two months she might enjoy a partial security. It was evident that Nichols did not know the address of Senor Martinique, and it was unlikely that he would obtain it while in prison.

She did not know the persistent nature of the fellow.

*To be continued—commenced in No. 351.*

truth, his wife. Oh, do not betray me to him! If I had money, I would give it all to you."

"Ha!" rubbing his whiskers, reflectively; "I thought you was getting married to 'other one, hey? really, a very good joke. Quite a little farce for such nice gentlemen to be engaged in! The other one will be willing to pay, too, then, to keep the affair quiet. Upon my honor, I've hit on quite a lead."

"I did not say it was the other one whom I expected to marry," stammered poor Margaret, shrinking from this dreaded person, while feeling the net closing about her.

"Certainly not," with a wink; "I guessed it, for who wouldn't?"

"You need not trouble yourself to give information," said the lady, then, haughty even under the pressure of sickening fear; "I can do what I attempted once before. I can kill myself, and I assuredly will, before I will fall into his power."

"Perhaps you can buy me off," suggested the other.

"I have property. But I can not claim it without betraying myself. All I have to spare now, is a very costly watch."

"Bah! Property, hey?—in the other's hands, of course," again reflecting, but his reflections were cut short by the appearance of two of the police, stealing cautiously out of the shadow, down one of the aisles formed by the lumber, at the sight of whom, her unwelcome companion made a tremendous bound in the opposite direction, darted into obscurity, and was gone, with the officers in pursuit.

It was evident that he had been skulking in the lumber-yard to hide from them.

"I hope they will find him, and keep him," murmured Margaret, as sick at heart, utterly miserable and despondent, she took up her basket, and went down on board the Sally Ann.

"La, suz! don't tell me! suthin's happened," remarked Mrs. Griggs, as her boarder, after laying aside her bonnet, sat down to the table, and pretended to eat, while unable to swallow even the cup of warm tea, which she so much needed. "I hope you ain't heard no news, Miss Mar—Lucille."

Margaret had changed her name, some time ago, and both she and her friends were attempting to become accustomed to the new one.

"He ain't back, is he?" whispered the master of the Sally Ann, putting the back of his hand up to his mouth, and speaking as mysteriously as if he might be somewhere in the cabin, and in danger of overhearing the conversation.

"Oh, my! what a climax that would be!" cried his wife.

"Not quite so bad as that," and the young lady began to cry in that quiet, repressed way so sad to see; "but I have been discovered by the driver of the hack who took us from the church that night, and he threatens to inform Mr. Martinique and my cousin. He will do it, because he can extort money from them. I see very plainly, my dear friends, that I shall have to leave your kind protection. Oh, where shall I go next?"

"I can't bear to listen to your talk of going, Miss Lucille—I can't indeed. We love you, and we're proud of you—proud to have a romantic mystery on board the Sally Ann. Won't happen to us twice in a lifetime, I know. Where's that bad man, a-comin' in, like a bandit in a play, a-makin' trouble? Does he know you're here, in this cabin?"

"I am not certain. It appears the officers were after him, and he was obliged to run off. But he will find out everything which he does not already know. Oh, I hope they arrested him!"

"Well, you keep as quiet as you can," said Zeke, earnestly desiring to comfort her. "You keep close aboard ship; an' to-morrow I'll find out all about that fellow. I'll question the police."

Margaret, or Lucille, as we shall hereafter call her, while it suited her to bear that name, passed a wretched night. Her peace of mind was completely unsettled; never again, for a moment, could she feel safe.

As he paged his room in the moonlight that night, bitterly did he repeat what he now felt to be the mistake of his life. How different would his feelings have been had he known that this woman whom he loved was the same who had put her hand in his six years before and became his wife.

But, while John Brown never dreamed that the beautiful Miss Bancroft was his wedded wife, she was perfectly well-aware of the fact. When she married him she was a poor, unprepossessing girl, helping her widowed mother eke out a slender support. For her mother's sake alone, she had accepted the conditions of the will; but, disliking John from the tone of his letter, and feeling that she was not calculated to inspire anything but a similar feeling in return, she had replied as we have seen. But, half a dozen years of prosperity had made her the feeble girl a splendid woman, and success in society had taught her her own power. And so, when she had learned of John Brown's return to America, lonely and without a relation in the world as she now was, there came over her an irresistible longing to know her husband, and with it a half-formed resolve, born of the woman within her, to try her power upon him and win his love. So she had come to New York, met him and loved him, yet, still uncertain of his feelings toward her, fain to think sometimes from the light that shone upon her and her alone from his dark eyes, that his love was hers, yet, knowing that he held himself not a free man, half-fearing that he was but trifling with her.

One night, on the passionate waves of the beautiful waltz they floated out together through an open door to a rose-hung, moonlit veranda, and there with the spell of the music and the flashing lamps, and the scent of the roses strong upon him, suddenly, without one word of warning, he bent over her, and taking her in his arms he whispered the words he had whispered a thousand times in his life before, but never truly until now, "I love you." Then feeling the cool night breeze sweep over him, and suddenly realizing fully his position, he stood erect again with folded arms before her. Her head was bent low and he could not see the joy in her face.

"Miss Bancroft," he said, huskily, "I beg your pardon. Even if you loved me as I do you I have no right to say what I have. It seems to me I do not care to live without you, and yet if I stay where you are a day longer, I shall forget that I am a gentleman."

And suddenly, before she could cry out or prevent him, he had turned away and disappeared in the darkness. She sat a moment, unable to realize that the happiness she had waited for so long had suddenly fled from her. The words had been upon her very lips which would assure him that she was already his. She rose and stretched out her arms toward him, but he was already out of hearing. Then, with a sigh, she sunk down lifeless among the rose-leaves, and there they found her presently, and took her in to a chamber and in the morning, when the physicians came and found

her weak and delirious, they said that her life was hardly to be hoped for.

John Brown left town early that morning for the Pacific slope. Forty-eight hours after, arrived at Chicago, he found a message waiting for him at the Palmer House—a few terrible words, that had left New York since he had, and reached here before him. The message was from Mr. Moniton, and the words were these:

"Your wife is dying. If you care to see her in this world, come back at once!"

Will any one think less of John Brown if I say that, as he read these words his heart gave a throb of joy? Was he not all at once free to marry Jennie Bancroft? But he thought less of himself for it, and the next instant blushed for very shame. Here was the woman he had never cared for at all, scarcely thought of all these years, dying—and did he owe her nothing—she who was his wife? Of course he would go back. Of course he cared to see her in this world—see her, and ask her pardon for his indifference; for in this hour, when he knew she was dying, he felt that he might have acted differently and more generously than he had. So he turned once more back to the city where he had left Jennie Bancroft—back to where his wife lay dying—perhaps, even this, dead.

John Brown was waiting for him at the ferry with a carriage, and led the way to it at once. John to halt and look at him.

"How is she?" he asked, a little hoarsely.

"Is she dead?"

"Dead! Not by a long shot. She's in a ticklish condition, though. But the doctors say your coming will help her as nothing else can."

"Does she care anything for me, then?"

The old man chuckled heartily as he replied:

"Care for you! I should think she did. Why, she was love for you that put her into a brain fever. Just you come along and see."

Not a word more was said. They drove rapidly along, John silent and moody. His thoughts were constantly of Jennie Bancroft, yet he tried to put her away out of his mind, for he knew that to think of her at such a time was base treason toward that other woman whom he had married long years ago. Presently they came to a stop, and the door was opened. John stepped out, and was surprised to find himself before the Wallingford mansion—the very house he had left so suddenly a few nights before. Mr. Moniton followed and hurried up the steps into the door already opened to receive them.

"How is Miss Bancroft?" asked Mr. Moniton of the servant.

"She grows brighter all the time," was the answer.

John heard it all, but did not understand.

Miss Bancroft! Was she sick, too? He went up the broad staircase like a man in a dream, and then suddenly he found himself in a room where there were several people whose faces he seemed to know and yet not to know, gathered about a sick bed—and on that bed—could he believe his eyes?—was the woman he loved—the woman he had kissed and turned away from, pale and languid, yet beautiful as he had ever seen her. But not until she put out her arms to him, not until she cried out, "Oh, John, do you not understand? I am your wife," did he comprehend it all. Then he stepped forward and bent over her once more; and life all at once seemed strange and beautiful to him, as it had never seemed before.

And, sure enough, that was just what our hero did do. He saw her first at the Wallingford's reception, danced with her as often as she would let him that very first evening; and went home desperately in love, buried his face in his hands, and for the first time in all those years really felt the chains that bound him. He knew, at last, what many a man comes to know too late, that he has met the woman who, whatever else she might be, was to him the one fair woman beneath the sun, and to possess whom he would have given up wealth, position, even honor itself—for passionate men do love that way sometimes.

As he paged his room in the moonlight that night, bitterly did he repeat what he now felt to be the mistake of his life. How different would his feelings have been had he known that this woman whom he loved was the same who had put her hand in his six years before and became his wife.

But, while John Brown never dreamed that the beautiful Miss Bancroft was his wedded wife, she was perfectly well-aware of the fact. When she married him she was a poor, unprepossessing girl, helping her widowed mother eke out a slender support. For her mother's sake alone, she had accepted the conditions of the will; but, disliking John from the tone of his letter, and feeling that she was not calculated to inspire anything but a similar feeling in return, she had replied as we have seen. But, half a dozen years of prosperity had made her the feeble girl a splendid woman, and success in society had taught her her own power. And so, when she had learned of John Brown's return to America, lonely and without a relation in the world as she now was, there came over her an irresistible longing to know her husband, and with it a half-formed resolve, born of the woman within her, to try her power upon him and win his love. So she had come to New York, met him and loved him, yet, still uncertain of his feelings toward her, fain to think sometimes from the light that shone upon her and her alone from his dark eyes, that his love was hers, yet, knowing that he held himself not a free man, half-fearing that he was but trifling with her.

One night, on the passionate waves of the beautiful waltz they floated out together through an open door to a rose-hung, moonlit veranda, and there with the spell of the music and the flashing lamps, and the scent of the roses strong upon him, suddenly, without one word of warning, he bent over her, and taking her in his arms he whispered the words he had whispered a thousand times in his life before, but never truly until now, "I love you." Then feeling the cool night breeze sweep over him, and suddenly realizing fully his position, he stood erect again with folded arms before her. Her head was bent low and he could not see the joy in her face.

"Miss Bancroft," he said, huskily, "I beg your pardon. Even if you loved me as I do you I have no right to say what I have. It seems to me I do not care to live without you, and yet if I stay where you are a day longer, I shall forget that I am a gentleman."

And suddenly, before she could cry out or prevent him, he had turned away and disappeared in the darkness. She sat a moment, unable to realize that the happiness she had waited for so long had suddenly fled from her. The words had been upon her very lips which would assure him that she was already his. She rose and stretched out her arms toward him, but he was already out of hearing. Then, with a sigh, she sunk down lifeless among the rose-leaves, and there they found her presently, and took her in to a chamber and in the morning, when the physicians came and found

her weak and delirious, they said that her life was hardly to be hoped for.

John Brown left town early that morning for the Pacific slope. Forty-eight hours after, arrived at Chicago, he found a message waiting for him at the Palmer House—a few terrible words, that had left New York since he had, and reached here before him. The message was from Mr. Moniton, and the words were these:

"Your wife is dying. If you care to see her in this world, come back at once!"

Will any one think less of John Brown if I say that, as he read these words his heart gave a throb of joy? Was he not all at once free to marry Jennie Bancroft? But he thought less of himself for it, and the next instant blushed for very shame. Here was the woman he had never cared for at all, scarcely thought of all these years, dying—and did he owe her nothing—she who was his wife? Of course he would go back. Of course he cared to see her in this world—see her, and ask her pardon for his indifference; for in this hour, when he knew she was dying, he felt that he might have acted differently and more generously than he had. So he turned once more back to the city where he had left Jennie Bancroft—back to where his wife lay dying—perhaps, even this, dead.

As we passed the huts dogs would bark and growl but were too lazy to rise from the mats upon which they lay, in front of the huts.

The chokades, or native policemen, would occasionally challenge us—from a respectful distance—and demand to know why we were abroad at that hour.

They assumed an air of indifference, however, upon the mere request of Jack "to go to the devil."

In some of the huts were heard the beat of tom-toms, revelry and songs chanted in a low, monotonous tone.

The Hindoo bathes perhaps four or five times a day, but eats only before sunrise and after sunset. His only mid-day refreshment is a smoke and drink of water.

At about five o'clock the natives began to rise, and we saw men, women and children joying their morning bath.

Walking down to the river, they would walk in knee deep, and then take off their only article of apparel, the operas, which they would fold into a turban, and then plunge boldly into the river.

"These fellows are almost amphibious," said Jack. "They are as much at home under water as on land."

"Yes, they never drown unless stuck in the mud," I replied. "But, come and see them eat."

Under a tall cocoanut tree we perceived a fire, upon which was a large iron pot, and walking up to it, we stood and watched the operation of cooking the curried rice.

The cook appeared much dissatisfied at our curiosity and want of delicacy, so we moved on in search of another fire.

We soon found one, and

## FISHING.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Of all the myriad moods of mind  
Which through the heart go swishing,  
There's none so lazily, or kind,  
Or full of dreams as fishing.  
The fish we long for that we see  
For one transcendent moment—  
The nibble proves our hope to be  
Despairingly ill-omened.

We sit at one end of the pole  
The spear at the other;—  
The pole no longer frets the soul,  
The future does not bother.  
We sit like Patience on a stone,  
Coat-tail in water pendant,  
And as our painted cork goes down  
Our hopes are in ascendancy.

Our world lies in the water dim,  
The spear is all one's thinking;  
And when our baited fishes dash,  
Oh, what impossible dashes!  
All ready 'tis to turn and bite,  
Why do they not begin it?  
We'll have a seven-pounder tight  
In just another minute!

In just another minute it lies,  
The charm is all one's thinking,  
For if it is, tell me, ye wise,  
But waiting and but wishing?  
This is a telegraph, in fine,  
In spite of all your quibbles:  
How fast along that thrilling line  
The voriest jerks and nibbles!

And as the line goes running out,  
If you do not take the benefit of the doubt  
And dream it is no light one.  
Of all the mystic moods of mind  
Which doth develop wishing,  
There's none so doubtful or so blind  
As on a log-a-fishing.

## Adrift on the Prairie:

THE ADVENTURES OF FOUR YOUNG NIMRODS.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "IDAHO TOM,"  
"HAPPY HARVEY," ETC., ETC.

VI.—ON SWAN LAKE—JIM'S SUCCESS AND LOSS.

FROM our feet the plain seemed to slope gradually away beyond the power of vision, broken into undulations like ocean billows. Behind us lay the glistening waters of Wall Lake sparkling and radiant as a bed of molten silver. Before us on the bosom of the plain reposed the little sheet known as Swan Lake. A range of low bluffs stood guard along its shores, mirroring their rugged brows in its depths night and morn when the shadows were longest. A belt of yellow reeds, fringed the margin of the water.

The surface of this lake was dotted and checkered with life—with living, moving creatures of different kinds and colors. Geese, ducks, brants, swans and pelicans sported on the crystal waves and ruffled their plumage in the golden sun along the shore.

It was a sight sufficient to satisfy the most extravagant desire. We feasted our eyes upon it. The lake was but a mile distant. We became inspired with renewed feelings of joy, for we believed we had at last discovered the hunter's paradise of the North-west.

Other objects were soon brought to our view. Away off to the north-east was a body of timber, and on its margin stood a dozen or more small, conical structures, from the apex of which wreaths of white smoke were curling. We knew at a glance what they were—the wigwams of the Musquakie Indians spoken of by Uncle Lige. The tribe, or a portion of it, had come down from their reservation in an adjoining county to spend the season hunting, fishing and beggary. We had nothing to fear of them unless it was loss by theft, for they were scientific thieves.

We could see, from our position on the hill, several warriors stalking about in flaming red blankets, smoking their morning pipes; while the squaws engaged in their usual drudgery about camp.

Far away to our right we could see a dark line running across the plain black and ominous.

"That," said old Lige, pointing it out, "is Purgatory Slough. The grass in it's black as a Dutch nigger. Hell's beyond it a mile or two. But, if we git into the deer-range, we'll head the swamps and tharby git through dry-shod. Come, gee up there, Buck and Bright—glang!" and the team moved on.

We crossed the plain to the lake, where we unloaded the canoe and pushed on a mile or two further to reach a good camping-ground. This we found on the edge of the timber about half a mile from the Indian encampment.

Our presence soon became known to the noble red-men, and a deputation of about a dozen awaited us on in our new camp.

They were a remarkable band of gentlemen. All were of the same dirty, copper color, with low, retreating foreheads, broad, sensual faces and black, ferret-like eyes. Either a red or blue blanket covered the broad, square shoulders of each. Their hair was long, black and unkempt. Their heads were surmounted with some relics of civilization, either an old cap or brimless hat doing duty thereon. One low, heavy-set fellow sported a silk "plug" somewhat the worse of long usage. Being a little too large it pitched gracefully back and set jauntily upon his ears, giving him an expression both comical and ludicrous. He appeared to be a kind of dandy; for he sported a heelless boot and an ancient cloth gaiter, in addition to a pair of pants and a woolen shirt.

Uncle Lige entered into conversation with them in their own vernacular, but when he found they could speak English fluently the conversation was carried on in that tongue for our benefit. After conversing with them on various subjects, he asked:

"What you Ingins doin' down here, anyway?"

"Hunt some—trap some—fish some—git fire-water—have heap gobs of fun like white brudder."

"Goin' to hunt any to-day?"

"Hunt some, mebby. Some braves go up to pale-face town to git fire-water—then have big, good time—hoop-la-loo!" and the Indian executed a demi-vault that completely astonished us.

"He means 'miraculous' when he says 'fire-water,'" said Jim aside to George.

"I presume so," replied the latter, "and if they find out you have some in the wagon, you'll be apt to find out how the water tastes up in this country, for they'll have your 'miraculous'."

After lounging round camp an hour or more the Indians returned to their own lodges; and, leaving Uncle Lige to guard our camp, we took our guns and set off for the lake. Reaching our canoe we dragged it through the grass and reeds to the water's edge, and, launching it, embarked for the interior of the broad belt of reeds that fringed the margin of the water. We were unable to get through the dense dry reeds without creating considerable noise, which alarmed the game, and soon the air above us

was filled with screaming fowls—darting and whirling, soaring and circling in every direction.

When we had got through the reeds into the open lake we discovered that our canoe had sprung a leak, and was fast filling, with two fathoms of water beneath us. Being provided with rubber boots we were enabled to keep our feet dry for the time being. George and I set to work bailing out the boat with our hands. We worked diligently but gained but little on the water, which fact disheartened George and rendered him uneasy and fretful.

"Boys," he finally remarked, wringing the water from his hands, "this is too confounded thin for me; take me ashore and I'll remain there."

We saw that George was in solemn earnest, and so we headed the boat back toward shore and landed him. We then drew the boat out onto dry land, emptied it and caulked the leak, when we again put out into the lake. George firing a parting salute—at a black-bird—as we pushed away, leaving him alone upon shore.

"Glad to get rid of him," said Jim, "for it would just have been his blundering luck to have brought down a swan at first shot. I'll take the lead now, for George being the only one possessed of luck, leaves the field clear to old science, and that's me."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when bang went Bob's gun, and a duck came plunging down so close to the prow of the boat where Jim sat, that a shower of water was dashed up in his face.

"How is that for luck, Old Science?" I asked.

"Ugh—thunder!" Jim exclaimed, mopping the water out of his face with his sleeve, "anybody could do that; but I won't shoot at anything less than a goose, pelican or swan. Them's my picking, boys, and whenever you hear old Stub-and-Twist sneeze out epically, score at least ten for me—Old Science."

We reached the open water, and pushed across its silent bosom about sixty rods, when we came to a little clump of tall reeds in which we concealed ourselves. From this point, which was rather a central location, we had an extended view in all directions, and at once opened a deadly fire upon the birds gliding around us; at least, Bob and I did, for nothing but ducks had yet ventured within gunshot. The latter came so near us, at times, that we could distinguish their wild, keen eyes, hear the whinnow of their wings, and see the green and gold upon them. There was nothing in the innocent fowl's presence, however, to appeal to our better natures—to cause us to desist from the sport of killing them. We felt that it was one of the privileges bestowed upon us by a benign Providence, and we lost no time in moralizing over the fact.

Jim doggedly reserved his charges for large game, in the very face of our splendid success, that was piling up score after score against him. Suddenly, however, silence was imposed upon us by our big companion, who had discovered a number of white swans coming directly toward us. They were flying very slowly, and there was nothing to prevent a successful shot, should they not be alarmed and turn aside before they came to us.

We gave way to Jim, since he had waited so patiently for a shot, and as the huge birds came nearer, the click of his gunlocks was heard; then the muzzle of his weapon was thrust upward through the reeds; his face dropped against the breech, and his eye glanced along the barrel. These movements were instantly followed by a thunderous crash that caused our canoe to rock on the waves.

Away across the plain rolled the prolonged boom of the gun—boom and fro its echoes rebounded from shore to shore.

We lifted our eyes upward as the stunning report crashed out, and saw a bird thrust its head upward with a frightful scream. It flapped its great, white wings rapidly, as if struggling hard to keep upon its flight. But a sullen scream trickled across its snowy breast, it receded upon the air, then shot suddenly downward like an arrow, falling in a narrow belt of reeds about fifty paces from us.

We saw that Jim, with his hand upon the gun, was the first to have struck the bird. It had been shot in the wing, and it was falling like a dead leaf. The bird was a swan—a pure, snow-white swan, and an almighty big fellow he is, too. There's some finance in such game as that, boys. You know swan's down is the most valuable commodity of the kind found in America, and that skin lying right out yonder will bring me at least twenty dollars. Look through here, boys, and get your eyes accustomed to the dazzling sight by degrees. Do you not perceive it, Robert? Do you not behold it, Oliver? Who says it don't pay to hold your fire for big game? Miraculous! I'll show you how to score fine points from the money—*the inflation of currency in her owner's pockets*. Now, Bob, steer the boat directly toward that snow-bank out yonder, and I'll put something in this concern that'll make your eyes water!"

Bob, who was at the stern, paddled out of the stalks and across toward the strips of reeds in which the swan lay. A few vigorous strokes carried the boat alongside the reeds, within arm's reach of the great, white bird.

"Boys, look! behold! perceive it!" exclaimed Jim, beside himself with delight. "Just think what a prize is mine—fully six feet from tip to tip of wing, is that bird, and oh, such a coat of down it will yield! It'd be big enough and grand enough to make a cloak for a princess, and now, if you'll balance the boat, I'll take out and haul in the prize."

He leaned over the side of the boat, and just as he was reaching out for the prize, he saw a dusky hand thrust into the reeds from the opposite side and seize the bird. The next instant his prize had vanished as if by magic.

The look that mounted to Jim's face, and the single word that accompanied it, chilled us to the marrow. He seized a paddle, and with a stroke that almost snapped the blade, sent the boat crashing through the reeds; and as we emerged into the open water beyond, we saw a Musquakie Indian, with Jim's bird, in a light canoe, just disappearing around a distant clump of reeds, a deep trail in the water marking the course of his swift-gliding canoe.

He came home very late one night, and after fumbling with his latch key a good while, muttered to himself, as he at length opened the door, "I mushumakeny noish caush tholoman's ashleep." He divested himself of his garments with some trouble, and was consequently himself on his success, as he was getting into bed, when a calm, clear, cold voice sent a chill down his spinal column: "Why, my dear, you ain't going to sleep in your hat, are you?"

He came home very late one night, and after

## Geraldine's Husband.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE frosty sunshine of a mid-January day came in between the purple velvet curtains of the grand salon in Mrs. Bellingham's Fifth avenue mansion, and made a warmly golden halo around little Geraldine Vane's head, that was drooped so lowly over her book that Mrs. Bellingham could not note the effect

of her ardent, congratulating words.

"You're a perfect little darling, Geraldine! I do declare, I never would have given you credit for such skill. Only think, child, you haven't been two months from the country, on your visit here, and already had an offer from Mr. Victor Halsey! Why, Gerry, I'm as proud as if you were my daughter instead of my niece!"

The little fair hands were nervously writhing around a cluster of moss-roses Geraldine had cut in the greenhouse—dainty pink roses, the very hue of the girl's sweet cheeks, that were such exquisite contrast to the dusky eyes and wavy, sunny-brown hair; and Mrs. Bellingham looked down at the lissom, willowy figure and smiled and nodded her head astutely.

"I might have known how it would be—youth and freshness and wildrose shyness are sure to win the day, and Mr. Victor Halsey is just the man to appreciate such sweetness. Geraldine, I am really charmed with you. Your uncle and I will give you your wedding, and won't Laura Desmond expire with envy when the engagement comes out! Why, my dear, she has fished for Mr. Halsey in the most disgusting manner, and—"

"I know of any way—" she began, hesitating.

He laughed, joyously.

"What a child you are—and I am so glad! Did it not occur to you that you had agreed to be my little wife, to take me for better, for worse? Geraldine, I will be no better able to make you comfortable and happy in five years than I am now. Shall we be married, and have our own dear home, darling? Will you say 'yes' Geraldine?"

And when Geraldine went home an hour later, in the pocket of her dress was her marriage certificate, and she knew she had taken her the sweetest sacred vows that life holds.

She was just a little nervous and agitated as she went into Mrs. Bellingham's library to acquaint that lady with the news she ought to know, and to tell her that on the morrow she would go to her husband's home.

The warm, lovely color was glowing, like carnation blooms, on her cheeks, as Geraldine pushed aside the library door; the next instant, she was whiter than freshly fallen snow—the rich blood driven back to her heart by the words she had heard spoken, first, in Mrs. Bellingham's wonder-stricken tones; afterward, in a strange voice, a man's hard, unsympathetic voice.

"Killed it! Mr. Victor Halsey thrown out of his coup and killed, since dinner?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bellingham, Mr. Halsey was thrown from his carriage, as I said, not an hour ago, and instantly killed. And he had destroyed his will only this morning."

Geraldine heard Mrs. Bellingham fairly gasp.

"Destroyed his will! Then his nephew is heir to all that immense wealth—Harry Custer owns it all!"

Then Geraldine went in, white, calm, with conflicting emotions of pity and horror and astonishment and ecstasy at her heart, and laid her marriage certificate on the library table, and watched Mrs. Bellingham read it.

"My niece, Mrs. Custer," is prime favorite with aunt Hellen nowadays; and it is perfectly astonishing how the Vane family became reconciled to Geraldine's match, and with what unblushing audacity they affirm the respect they always had in dear 'Gerry's judgment,' while Geraldine herself and her loving husband accept the wealth so providentially bestowed upon them, and are content, as they would have been with only each other.

"She's real nice," he declared, to the bed-post, that being the nearest human in resemblance of anything in his bedroom, when he went to bed that night. "I b'lieve I'd like to marry her, but I d'asent ask her." Cold chills ran down his back at the thought.

In less than two days Mr. Joseph Brown was in love. Deeply and sentimentally in love. So much so, in fact, that he picked up a rose she had dropped, and took it up to his room, where he sat and looked at it for an hour before he realized what he was doing.

"You poor old fool!" he said, addressing himself. "You're done, ain't you? It takes widows to fetch a man to time!"

Then he sighed.

During the next two weeks Mr. Brown found the courage to get better acquainted with Mrs. Parks than he had ever been with any woman save his mother. When he thought of asking her to marry him, however, he couldn't help feeling afraid of her.

The Fourth came. Great preparations had been made for it, and all the family and guests were going, with the exception of Mrs. Parks, who said she'd rather stay at home, for Rosie was so much trouble.

Joseph had intended to go, but he suddenly changed his mind, and concluded he'd stay at home.

"Got headache," he explained, gruffly and concisely, to William. He also told the same outrageous fib to Mrs. Parks, who smiled as if she understood all about it, at which Joseph colored up and felt as guilty as a boy who had been caught in mischief.

"Of course I'm sorry you don't feel well," she said, "but I'm glad I'm going to have company. It would be terribly lonesome here alone. We'll have a nice little dinner, all to ourselves, and that'll be almost as pleasant as a picnic."

"More so," answered Mr. Brown. "A great deal more so."

When the family had taken their departure Mr. Brown went down-town and bought some strawberries and lemons, and other good things, and brought them home for dinner.

"Won't it be jolly?" cried the widow. "I'll hull these berries now, so as to have them all ready."

"I'll help," declared Mr. Brown, and he did so.

What a charming little dinner the pretty widow put up! It seemed to him that it went ahead of all other dinners he had ever partaken of. It was a model of its kind.

After it was over, he suddenly proposed that they should take a ride.

"I'll go down and get a horse and carriage, and we can have just as good a time as any of 'em, that is, if you're willing," he added.

"Oh, I should be delighted," assented Mrs. Parks, and away he went after the horse and wagon.

Such a delightful ride as it was! He felt as if he might be in heaven. True, he had little bushy spells, but they didn't last long.

"Your head must have got better," said the widow, all at once, with a mischievous smile.

"It did," answered Mr. Brown. An awful desperation seized him. He felt pale, but he also felt more courage than he ever expected he could summon up in an emergency like this.

"It's my heart that troubles me most," he stammered. "I really wish you'd cure it."

"I would be glad to do so," answered she, "if I only knew what to do." How pretty she did look, all dimples and blushing!

"I know," said he, waxing bolder. "I—

and then all at once he began to get scared, and wasn't accountable for what followed—"I'd like to be Rosie's pa, and have you get all my dinners for me, if you're willing."

What the widow answered I can't say, but Rosie announced, on the return of the merry-makers,